FÔR MEN BY MEN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 140. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING JULY 8TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 140. WEEK ENDING JULY 8TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

SPIRIT IN SPORT.

WHY IT SPELLS SUCCESS.

e cannot all be first-class exponents of our particular form of sport, but there is one ity which is born in a man, and which is often e than half the battle in winning a race or a e.

a player or an athlete has not been gifted it, he will never reach the top of the tree ever excellent his form may be in other ects. Indeed, it is quite likely that he may beaten by a less skilled man who does ess it.

his quality is spirit—the faculty of putting r whole heart into a game, the faculty that ply forces your brain and your limbs to act in son. It is spirit that makes a bowler or a tballer "play with his head," and spirit again t enables a jockey to get the most out of his unt.

ut, however much spirit you may have, always p your head. If you see you can't win, you'd y be a fool to overstrain yourself. You might so badly crocked as never to be able to play in.

aution is as necessary as spirit.

DOG FAKING.

SOME DEALERS' TRICKS.

The process by which a bulldog is given the aracteristic broad-shouldered appearance is at t glance somewhat cruel, but in reality the dog es not mind it much.

When a bulldog is first born its fore-legs are re or less straight. At any rate, they are not rly curved enough for show purposes. This ow the dog-fancier curves them.

He takes a handkerchief, folds it, and hangs it er the dog's shoulders. Then he slips the ends der the respective armpits of the dog, pulls m tight, and then ties the handkerchief tightly oss the animal's back. When the dog is very ng this treatment is only applied for quite a rt time—five minutes is ample—but with ad- ncing strength it is extended over a daily period half an hour or more.

What is nothing short of downright cruelty, wever, is the method by which a collie dog's l is made to droop.

A patch of hair is shaved away at the very base the tail, and the flesh is scraped with a knife. e dog instinctively lets his tail hang downwards alleviate the pain, and when a scab has formed cannot straighten it out again. Then when e skin has grown again he has been trained to his tail droop. If he hasn't, the treatment is rted all over again.

This is probably one of the most cruel dog- king tricks known to fanciers.

CHEEK.

A daily paper headline reads: "Bernard Shaw's Bust"—with laughter at one of his own jokes, perhaps.

* * *

A play that has recently been "taken off" in London is called "Half a Crown." Some people say it wasn't a good one.

* * *

A writer in the "Strand Magazine" says that "not the wrongs of women, but the slavery of men, may be a pet outcry of the next decade." That is, if they haven't decade themselves before then.

* * *

I have it on the authority of "Black and White" that "Humour is the one subject which the rhetoricians, the seers of literature and oratory, have never attempted to dissect." But sub-editors have been known to cut it up before now.

* * *

A Chertsey woman has for some two years been masquerading in male attire under the nickname of "Teddy." But this should not be made an excuse for any jokes about seeing the Teddy bear.

* * *

A man recently described another man who decamped with his wife as "that black cloud." Possibly the lady chose him because he had a silver lining.

* * *

"Notes For Anglers" runs a Sunday paper headline. Are they "bank" notes?

* * *

Here's a suggestion for a new source of taxation for Mr. Lloyd George's next Budget. A dead mouse has been found in a bottle of non-alcoholic stout.

* * *

A play has lately been copyrighted called "Dolly's Week-End." I am told that it belies its name by possessing a strong end.

* * *

A writer inquires, apropos of music-hall performers, "How long are artists to be bled?" So long as they insist on being "bloods," I suppose.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Bourchier advises ambitious stage aspirants to "Be proficient in the arts of speaking, singing, walking, moving, fencing, etc." Art of moving, eh? Well, a good many actors I know certainly are clever moon-shooters.

* * *

A fruitarian restaurant advertises its "Dagonet Pie." I venture to inquire: Is this pie really what it Sims?

J. S. Cox.

A BILLIARD IMPOSSIBILITY.

A STROKE THAT DEFIES THE EXPERTS

Here is what is said to be the only impossible shot on the billiard table. Of course you can place the balls in such a position that it is obviously impossible to make a named shot off them, but this is a stroke that looks easy enough, yet is impossible.

Place the red ball on the centre spot. Then place the cue ball in a dead line between the red ball and the middle of the centre pocket.

In this position it is perfectly easy to pot the red in the centre pocket. N.B.—You can place the cue ball as close to the red as you like.

Now place the other white ball in a line with, and a ball's width from, the red ball. That is, the white ball is either just above or just below the red ball, so that a cannon is the simplest thing in the world.

If you have got the balls rightly placed, it is easy to pot the red, and it is dead easy to make a cannon.

But to pot the red *and* cannon is an impossibility.

CHANGING THE BOWLING.

SOME HINTS TO CRICKET CAPTAINS.

The changing of bowlers is often one of the biggest problems that assail a captain, whether in first-class or minor cricket, for there are so many considerations to be kept in mind.

The chief point, of course, is to change them fairly frequently with the object of keeping the batsmen uncomfortable, but this may not always be possible. Say, for instance, that there is a tenacious stonewaller in and you want to put on your slow bowler. Suppose, again, that your slow bowler is invaluable at short slip. Well, you are strongly tempted to let him stop there.

One of the best bowling combinations is as follows: Ring the changes between three men, a slow right-hander, a fast right-hander, and a fast left-hander. Keep the slow man on all the time, especially if the ground is at all sticky, because he will not tire so quickly, and let the two fast men have about five or six overs each in turn. In this way, the batsmen will not be allowed to get too well acquainted with the style of any one of them.

By the way, if you have two men in your team, one of whom bowls over the wicket, and the other round it, it is not a bad plan to put them on together. A frequent change of delivery of this kind is particularly irritating to almost every batsman.

HOT WEATHER REMINISCENCES

AND HINTS ON KEEPING COOL.

Men who have been in the tropics are apt to turn "superior" when they are at home and hear other men complaining of the heat that occasionally favours us.

I think there is a good deal of affectation about this lofty attitude. I know that just as I have often felt colder in England than I ever did in the depths of a Canadian winter, so has the home sun caused me to exude more perspiration and bad language than ever flowed from me when frying and sizzling at Kingston, Jamaica, or Durban, Natal.

I notice, too, that during the recent June heat wave an Anglo-Indian, who was living at home, died of heat apoplexy.

The cold of an English winter chills one to the marrow because it is so often a raw, damp cold. In semi-Arctic countries there is no East wind comparable in its viciousness with ours. If you do get a blizzard you recognise the inevitable and shut yourself in behind double windows.

Similarly, it is not so much the power of the English summer sun as the humidity of the heat that reduces one to the consistency of a boiled rag.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF HEAT.

In the tropics, of course, you do get humid heat, but as a rule you scorch rather than stew. The sun hits you direct, and you come to fear him with a very real fear. Men in the tropics curse the sun and the unchanging copper-blue sky with an intensity which would surprise you. Here we swear more at the atmosphere.

Still, a dry heat can make you sweat, and I have heard the perspiration fairly hiss as it came out on me and caught the sun.

In the West Indies it was not a case of perspiring in the ordinary way, you simply dissolved into it.

Pulling on your polo boots meant seventeen separate and distinct perspirations, and the end of a game saw these boots soaked through and through and changed from their original yellow to a dark, sodden brown.

I shall never forget marching from Kingston to Up Park Camp, a distance, so far as I remember, of about two miles. We came off the trooper fat and beefy after a ten days' voyage, and we landed in the afternoon when the sun was at its worst.

AN AWFUL MARCH.

We marched through a living lane of excited natives. The dust was so thick that you couldn't see a yard in front of you. The thousand and one smells of Kingston arose and smote us, and the sun looked down and smote us too, till our helmets melted and the brass buttons of our tunics were like red-hot coals.

We had a proper, though most unjustifiable, contempt for black troops, like the West India Regiment (a corps with a splendid active service record); but when at last we reached the arid parade ground, which was so hot that it burnt you through the soles of your boots, a corporal's squad of Sambos could have licked the lot of us.

It was here I learned something — if you don't believe me, I can't help it. After the seventh swizzle, which is another name for a cocktail, animation began to return, and I bleated feebly for a cold bath with lots of ice in it.

SOUND SENSE.

A good, kind West Indian officer took me to his quarters. "Now, my lad," said he, "no cold bath for you unless you want to turn up your little tootsies. What you want is a hot bath!" And he was right. Cold baths in the tropics mean "liver" and all sorts of trouble, and there is nothing so refreshing and really cooling on a hot day as a moderately warm tub.

That night we dined with the West India Regiment, and about 2 a.m. set out on our march to the hills. It was still hot, and the first five miles or so were awful. I thought that the afternoon had not left a drop of perspiration in me, but I had forgotten the champagne at dinner and the cocktails before it, and again I marched in a bath of my own making. But the dawn found us half-way up a green-clad mountain, and the birds came out and sang to us, and the coffee-coloured girls came out and winked at us, and everything in the garden was lovely, though our senior major, who ran to flesh, lost 2st. 8lb. between Kingston and Newcastle, and nothing would induce him to leave the hills until we marched down again and away.

COOL CLOTHES.

Home birds often dress wrongly for hot weather. They think that the fewer and the thinner the clothes they wear the cooler they will be, but this is a mistake.

On no account should you wear cotton or linen undergarments, for they put a premium on chills and soon become damp and clammy. Fine pure wool is the best underwear.

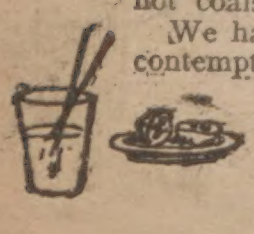
Then a very thin coat will make you almost as hot as a fur one would. True, men in tropical regions wear thin garments, but then they have a strip of flannel or wadding let into the coat so that it covers the upper part of the spine. There, or at the base of the neck, is where the sun is likely to strike you with deadly effect.

Moreover, Anglo-Indians and others in tropical countries always wear a flannel belt, so that though their outer garments may be thin they are well protected at vulnerable points.

A kummerbund, or silk sash wrapped round the waist, is ever so much cooler and healthier than a waistcoat in hot weather.

As regards liquids, iced drinks are heating. The best hot weather drink I know is bottled stout and tonic water.

"CHINSTRAP."



TO IMPROVE BOILED BEEF.

Boiled silverside of beef is a man's dish, more especially for the lonely man in digs, but the trouble is that when cold it is apt to get dry and tough long before you have finished it.

Ask your landlady to keep the water in which it was boiled, and, after you have had your hot meal off the joint, to put it back in the water and allow it to soak for a night.

This will keep the beef tender and juicy to the last shaving.

DEALING WITH MEN.

SHOULD YOU BE PLEASANT OR THE REVERSE?

Recently a certain firm lost an excellent su ordinate because they did not know how to de with him.

They worried him. He was in a responsib position, but they would not let him exercise a initiative. They kept him running up and dow stairs on trivial matters, and thus they lost a goo man to a rival concern.

Some men would have liked similar treatmen There are plenty of men who won't work excep under close supervision. They enjoy interferenc and are only too glad to let others take a respons bility which should be theirs; but this man w different.

The capacity of dealing with a man so as t make the best of him counts enormously in a walk of life. Great men have always been di tinguished by the gift of choosing the right me to help them and getting the most out of them.

It is impossible to lay down any general rule fo dealing with men.

We may say that it seldom pays to be rude a rough to a man, but, on the other hand, many men like to be bullied.

Be polite to them, and they won't understand They will think you weak and that you are afrai of them. Treat them harshly, even brutally, an they will respect you and do all they can for you.

With another man similar tactics would simpl put his back up and make him as obstinate an stubborn as an ill-treated mule.

To some men praise is absolutely fatal. The at once chuck work and think they can do a they like.

Another man will work twice as hard and twic as well if occasionally fed with appreciation.

I know an editor who makes it a rule never to praise any contribution, no matter how good it may be. In this way he has lost many susceptib contributors, for literary men are very susceptible to judicious encouragement.

Brusqueness is best met with brusqueness, and the man who shouts at you by shouting back at him.

Some men thoroughly enjoy chaff, while others cannot stand it at all.

The most difficult man of all to deal with is the man slightly below you in the social scale, but with whom you are working on level terms.

I remember a now deceased member of the Press Gallery in the House of Commons pointing this out to me. He was a gentleman by birth and in every way, and, as he said to me, "There are two or three of us in the Gallery who are, to put it bluntly, gentlemen. The others are not, though very good fellows, and, by Jove, one has to be uncommonly careful in dealing with them."

He meant, of course, that where gentlemen and those who are not gentlemen are on the same official level the former, while never forgetting that they are gentlemen, must at all costs avoid any appearance of superiority or patronage.

With some men it is most dangerous to be familiar, but with others geniality, even joviality, pays best.

Men of the "pushful" sort are often inclined to take liberties on short acquaintance, such as addressing you by your surname without the mister, commenting on your appearance, or making impertinent inquiries about your pursuits. It is fatal to encourage them, and the only thing is to show them unmistakably that you don't like it.

I was for a long time annoyed by a fellow suburban traveller who, knowing I was a journalist, used, whenever we found ourselves in the same compartment, loudly to ask me: "Well, how's journalism?"

I stood it for a long time, till one day, my temper being on edge, I retorted: "How's the tripe shop?"

I don't know what his trade was, but he was so annoyed about it that I am inclined to think he must have been in that useful trade. But he left me severely alone in future.

C. MCLAREN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

CHINNERY'S · LITTLE · LOVE · AFFAIR

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

Grave and spectacled, yet of clear complexion, straight features, and a manner that gave all and sundry confidence in him, I have to produce for your inspection Chinnery not in the light of the Mentor of unbridled youth, but rather as the novice with the advanced "Stingaree" C avering at the shrine of Venus.

It must have given all deities attributed with the darker characterisations exquisite joy to note a step from grace on the part of the gods of good things on the Olympian mount. It is, therefore, almost with pleasure that I, aforetimes reproved by Chinnery on my conduct in company with my little pal with the big nose," Stingaree set down the simple story of the rather large feet of Chinnery taking the uncertain path that is the way of Love.

Utterly against all precept was this happening, utterly against the laws laid down for our guidance by the Great Man himself, in direct contravention too, of his oft-repeated boast that the "smile of a false girl" (Chinnery was very rhetorical at times) would never set his heart a-dancing while she pulled the strings thereof.

Yet there was a time when Chinnery was a marionette even as other men are. Aloof from these things, he had uttered on countless occasions words of scathing, if far away scorn regarding men who (you will notice the colloquialism of "Stingaree") "pinched a pal's bird." "Stingaree" and I (how shall I confess it of two young men now so Water-Works-Board-like in their respectability) had shamelessly "picked up" a couple of summer girls by the "excuse-me-but-didn't-I-meet-you-at-Blackpool?" kind of introduction. Stingaree had suggested it. He had smiled. And, although I had not been "on" because, as is so often the case, alas! there was one pretty and one plain girl, and I knew very well which Stingaree would fasten himself on to from the outset. Yet within two minutes I found myself supporting Stingaree in his shameless inventions, which, many a tale as our Corporation-owned pier had heard, surely had none to eclipse the effrontery of his.

The lady to whom I was allotted was a blue-stocking of exceeding knowledge. She was afraid of her friend, like mine, was frivolous, but—it was not her habit to speak to strange young men without an introduction.

That settled it. As we walked off I decided with Stingaree, who reproached me for not arranging to take the blue-stocking girl off his hands that evening, that it would never do to offer Chinnery my discarded love *as* a discarded love. Stingaree found a way. He would go to Chinnery, confess to feeling that he was sure that he (Chinnery) could cut me out, and as I was not suited to the lady, who was too respectable for me, why should he not try it? Just for a lark.

Now, for all his moralising, we had reason to believe that the admiration of the other sex was more than a little gratifying to Chinnery, and to cut me out would add the relish to the thing, we thought, if put to him tactfully.

Stingaree silenced his "pinching a pal's bird" objections with the remark that twenty minutes conversation on the pier did not make her mine.

Stingaree and I expected him to have a thoroughly miserable evening, and were full of evil glee about it. He was duly introduced, urbanely conducted the lady along the parade (from the ambush of the pier buffet I watched all these things), and, contrary to my expectations, did not return, sentry-like, that way. As the evening wore on a horrible suspicion chilled my heart. Had the mighty fallen, and were his weapons of just war for ever scattered? Could it be that, with the recklessness of a Stingaree, he had walked off even the edge of the Corporation's new asphalte paving, past the last electric standard, into the ultimate and illusive dark of the Downs? Our Chinnery—could this be true?

It was at a much later hour that I met him in a house of call of surpassing antiquity, where

there were no raucous shoutings and the barmaid was as chilly, jestless, and exclusive as the wife of a wine-merchant.

Was this our Chinnery? Stingaree was there, the lines of happiness gone utterly from his face. He half led him—this blinking, stupid, bedraggled, bewitched Chinnery—into a luxurious seat by the old oak panelled wainscotting. The portrait of Nelson looking down from the wall of that room wherein he was said to have courted Lady Hamilton, bestowed a duly qualified glance of understanding upon him. Stingaree twitched down the corners of his mouth and gave me the tip by his expression to say nothing out of the ordinary. Therefore I touched the exquisitely tinkling bell (one walked on air in that venerable smoke-room and nothing in it from the colour scheme to the bells did aught but soothe the nerves) and said:

"What's yours, Chinnery?" With a start, Chinnery woke to life. Then he gave vent to a sentiment which through all the ages will go down as the first weakness ever shown in the sterling character of Chinnery. When he is a fictitious uncle doomed to present odd shillings to the children of Stingaree, he will know full well there will come a day when their father will reveal the weak spot in their "Uncle's" character to them. (It must be awful to thee, O Chinnery, to have this hanging over thy once-revered head!).

For you to understand the full import of it, I must ask you to think of one man you know who, whatever happens, however short the Sunday morning or however long the Saturday night, has but one reply to the most popular of all requests, and that is "Mine's a can o' beer."

Then think what you would imagine of his vaunted consistency if he replied as Chinnery did: "She says she doesn't like young men who drink. I'll have a dry ginger with a bit o' lemon in it, please."

The enormity of the thing grew on me by the sight witnessed by my own thoroughly awake eyes of the grave lady of the bar, who was also the hotel book-keeper, bearing upon an oaken tray two cans of bitter and that wondrous, omen-shadowed glass of dry ginger ale.

From that date, with the departure of the ladies to their native Bradford, Chinnery was lost to us. One caught him in the surgery, where he dispensed medicines for the leading doctor of the town, guiltily and hastily putting a big box of Allen and Hanbury's Menthol Lozenges over something that looked very suspiciously like a letter that he had sought to cover up at our approach. And at whatsoever hour at the slackest part of the day we went for him, we discovered him always requisitioning the aid of Allen and Hanbury.

Our camping-out holiday was ruthlessly abandoned by him on the ground that it was too damp. He thought that the air of the North would benefit him. He was going to spend his fortnight's vacation at Bradford.

"And I'm coming, too," said Stingaree, firmly. "Why, how the deuce'll you get on without me? Rare chaps to try and score off you, those North-Countrymen. And you haven't ever been thirty miles out of this place."

Stingaree had "looked for work" at various periods all over England, and always avoided finding anything in the electrical engineering line that was his sphere of inactivity. Wherefore he could speak with experience.

Chinnery made some coarse references to expenses, knowing full well that Stingaree's father had desisted from encouraging him to slack about by presenting him with no more than the barest shilling or two a week for the necessaries of life, which, ground down in a young man's case, amount to a little beer and plenty of 'baccy. Stingaree waved those suggestions aside. What did money matter in a case like that when the honour of our set was to be upheld among the youth, grace, and beauty of Bradford (where all three classes fairly aimed at you)?

They went to Bradford together, leaving me to amuse myself as best I could.

Stingaree met in the station bar a corner-man of the Beach Nigger Minstrels with whom he was very friendly and who, in his natural complexion, was making a journey to Bradford on the pleasant errand of knocking the inside out of a man who owed him (as he observed in husky, down-south accents) "Twenty-seven bloomin' quid." He had lost his voice singing in the rain and had become a "furniture-shifter" of the trick variety.

Stingaree immediately saw a way for Chinnery to get back their fares. They could play this man, who, being a partner in the minstrels, was "rolling in quids" and a bit of a fool into the bargain, three-handed solo-whist (at which we considered ourselves experts).

The corner-man, I find it nice to write (as a chronicler who looks on the bright side), did not find the journey either tedious or expensive. Chinnery always thinks it was a good job that it did not extend to Glasgow, or there would have been no need for the shifter of furniture to bother about the miserable little twenty-seven pounds some poor man owed him in Bradford.

The happenings of that fortnight are briefly told. At a little dinner given in Chinnery's honour a soulful young man was asked in to play the piano to the blue-stocking lady's singing. Chinnery, in wrapt attention, with a look on his face as much as to say "It's me she's singing about" listened while his love sang "Beauty's Eyes." And the lady sang it so nicely that the clever young accompanist breathed admiration into her ear. The same evening, Chinnery being asked to oblige, came out with his one song with a two-change vamp accompaniment, horrible to hear, which has no particular title, but begins:—

"'Twas early one May morning,
In the month of Aperil,
I met a fair young maiden
As I strolled down Bunker's Hill.
She told me quite in confidence
While rambelling about,
That every Feriday afternoon
It was her Sunday out."

And goes on in similar style.

When he got on to the verse that states that the young lady, being duly taken to supper, "Every time she opened her mouth it cost me half-a-crown," the change that had appeared on the blue-stocking, soulful girl's face with the opening bars remained for ever afterwards fixed.

Chinnery came home in two days to my delighted welcoming, leaving his one-time love (as he poetically put it), "to sing songs to the accompaniments of the long-haired bargee with the soul," for the rest of her life.

Stingaree, utterly popular, tore himself away from the youth, grace, and beauty of Bradford (where he had looked very hard for work all those months), to come home in time to tell us, in carefully assumed accents, how the dear lads of the North could show us of the namby-pamby South of England just *how* to enjoy Christmas.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

SIDELIGHTS ON AN ONEROUS POSITION.

We may leave aside such obvious types of masters of the house as the domestic tyrant, and the hen-pecked husband.

Of course, they exist, but they are exceptional, and I propose to deal with the average man, who, as husband, or the only man in the family, is the head of the household, and is referred to by the servants as "the master"—at least publicly, for what they call him behind his back is another matter.

"Mastership" may come to a man early or late, but whatever your age, I think that, if frank, you would confess that there is a good deal of humbug about your position as master, or, at least, that in order to maintain your throne you have got to be a bit of a hypocrite.

ON A PEDESTAL.

Your womenfolk either sincerely or as a matter of expediency put you on a pedestal, at least so far as other people are concerned, and you often have to sit uncommonly tight to avoid falling off.

Here is an example of what I mean. Recently an enormous and by all accounts incredibly ferocious mouse invaded my home, and was alleged to be responsible for the breaking of a soup tureen, three plates, a china ornament or two, and the collapse of two fragile chairs.

The panic having subsided, it was unanimously agreed that nothing could possibly be done until "Master's" return from business. The collective feminine intelligence of the establishment was apparently paralysed by the occurrence; "Master" alone had the key to set it working again.

Duly made acquainted with the tragedy, "Master" put on his considering cap, and after profound reflection, he solemnly recommended the purchase of either a cat or a mousetrap. Cats being unpopular with the ladies of the household, it was resolved to purchase a trap next day.

"Master" brought it home the following evening. Later, having retired to his study to write some letters, he was interrupted by the appearance of the estimable Ethel, trimmest of housemaids, for whose insurance "Master" will shortly have the pleasure of paying 3d. a week. Not that he grudges it, though he would like to find somebody willing to contribute to *his* life policy.

A QUALIFIED SUCCESS.

However, Ethel was gingerly holding the mousetrap. She explained that neither mistress nor she could set it, but mistress said "Master" would know how to do it.

"Master" took the trap, and Ethel left.

A quarter of an hour or so later, "Master," somewhat flushed but triumphant, descended with the trap set. Despite the open admiration with which he was received he bore his blushing honours modestly. He forbore to mention that, not having the remotest idea how to set the trap, he had as near as possible had a finger nipped off before succeeding.

The faith of women in the ability of the "Master of the House" to do odd jobs about the house is as touching as it is usually ill-founded.

If a picture wants rehanging, it is "Master" who envelops himself in yards and yards of wire, hits his thumb with the hammer, and leaves the picture squinting on the wall.

"MASTER" THE OMNIPOTENT.

Every happening in the house must be referred to him for judgment and execution. If it is a question of catching a train, "Master" will look it up though a dozen time-tables may be lying handy.

When the pipes freeze in winter, it is "Master" who is called in, looks wise, and, while asserting that he could easily do the job himself, pleads pressure of business, and suggests calling in a plumber.

Of course it is very nice to be relied on in this way, but the position has its disadvantages.

The "Master of the House" is recognised by the outside public, and when the book-canvasser or other get-a-bit calls, it is the "Master of the House" he asks to see.

THE MAN AT THE DOOR.

In business, "Master" would probably refuse to see the stranger, at least, without knowing his business. But when Ethel reports that a gentleman at the door wants to speak to "Master' particular, and won't give no name, he feels that the eyes of his womenfolk are upon him, and that it is up to him to go and deal with the unknown.

And in most cases he finds himself wasting ten minutes on a man whom he would probably kick out of his office at sight, simply because he is the "Master of the House," and does not wish to appear either afraid of the man or brutal to him before his womenfolk.

When there is a change of servants, "Master' is often called in to adjudicate on candidates—a most uncomfortable business.

AN UNWILLING CRITIC.

Here I am not sure that it is entirely feminine respect for "Master's" wisdom that makes him an unwilling critic of handmaidens. I have a dire suspicion that his judgment is sought so that should Abigail prove unsatisfactory he may be met with the retort, "Well, I didn't like her, and I only took her to please you."

And if the "Master of the House" maintains his position by bluff, I suspect he is often seen through by the ladies.

But I am not so sure. I believe there are still quite a number of women who believe in man as "master," who expect him to stand between them and the world, to shoulder the responsibilities and duties of daily life, and who, believing this, exalt their particular man above all other men.

We men may not deserve these good, trusting worshipping women, but thank God for them.

PETER GILCHRIST.

HOLIDAY MAPS.

If you are buying a map for your holiday you might just as well buy a good one; by which is meant an accurate one, and not necessarily an expensive one.

Probably it will come as a surprise to some readers to know that the best places to get the best maps are the post-offices.

Through these offices one can obtain the official Ordnance Survey maps in various scales and in various shapes and mounts. A visit of inquiry to your post-office will secure you all the information you want, and maps will be obtained for you—if they are not already in stock—in a day or two after your order is given.

The prices charged are always moderate.

HOW TO FLATTER.

AN ART THAT IS EQUALLY USEFUL IN SOCIAL AND BUSINESS INTERCOURSE.

The idea of deliberately setting out to flatter—another man, be it understood—may, nay probably will, at first sight appear extremely distasteful to you.

But there is flattery and flattery. There is the nauseating florid flattery of the oily man who is always washing his hands with invisible soap, and there is the irritating transparently insincere flattery of the man who you know quite well is flattering you in the hope of getting on your soft side and gaining some benefit or advantage.

After all, however, a man may flatter you without being necessarily insincere or actuated by sordid motives. He may only desire to please you, and is there any man among us who is not susceptible to a tactful, well-turned compliment?

It is always flattering to have your advice sought as an authority on any particular subject.

"I say, old chap, you know all about so-and-so, tell me what——" That is perfectly sincere flattery, and you are pleased to be able to give the information as you are flattered at being asked for it.

What well-dressed man can resist being asked to give the name of his tailor, or to advise you in the matter of clothes?

A very insidious form of flattery is the assumption that such and such a thing would not be good enough for you.

"I shall be delighted to put you up, and give you a mount, though I'm afraid you won't find the going what you are accustomed to," says one hunting man to another, and the latter is tickled and pleased by the idea that he hunts only with the finest packs.

Or again: "Oh, yes, So-and-so is not half a bad chap, but I hardly think he is your style, old man," leaves you gratified at the assumption that you are very particular in your acquaintanceships.

Recently I met a friend who had just taken over editorial charge of a paper, and I suggested doing some work for him. "Why, yes," he said, "I should be very glad if you would, but I am afraid the terms wouldn't suit you."

Here again, I was flattered by the assumption that my work was well paid, and in the end I agreed to work for him below my usual rate. Had he said point blank, "I pay so much, take it or leave it," I should have refused equally curtly.

I don't give this as an example of business flattery, for I think flattery in business is rarely successful. It was simply one of those spontaneous compliments which grease the wheels of social and business intercourse.

Flattery is not foreign to sport. You are flattered when you are given the best position at a shoot, or when your captain tells you at cricket that he is relying on you to pull the match out of the fire.

The late Mr. W. L. Murdoch was a past-master of a very subtle form of flattery. Whenever a batsman was out to a bad stroke or a fielder made a "bloomer," Murdoch was to hand with some comforting tale, usually invented on the spot, of how he, Murdoch, had made an even worse ass of himself on some other occasion.

It was flattering to feel that even Murdoch could "nod," and the result was that he got more out of his men than perhaps any other cricket captain ever known.

In many ways it is possible to flatter a man without being either gushing or offensive, and the man who can pay a well-deserved compliment neatly is going to have and to keep many friends.

W. L. BAYES

WHY I LIKE MY JOB

SYMPOSIUM THAT
L INTEREST MOST
MEN WHO WORK.

ne of the best things in world is work; and prob- the next best thing is ike the work which you e to do. The man who ly likes his job is one of happiest of mortals; and ecently occurred to the er to inquire of various in different walks of life ether they liked their jobs, if so, why? And I have down here the results of labours.

he first man to whom I my query was a bronzed, scular young chap who was ering down an upturned skiff outside a boat- se close to Hammersmith Bridge. As quickly he dipped a can into his pail of water and iced down one portion of the trim hull, so did blazing sun dry the water from another, ping him dipping and splashing energetically. e answered me without even stopping in his rk.

"I suppose I like my job because I was born to he said. "My father earned his living on the er here; and so did his father before him. I'm good at anything else, but there's nothing out boats, from the making to the handling of m, that I don't understand. I'm pretty ll paid, and there are less pleasant ways earning extra tips than pulling families up the er for an hour or so. And I'm a bit ambitious, ," he added reflectively. "Every evening when done my work, my guv'nor lets me have a ing sculler to practice in for a short time. me people say that I don't show bad form."

E CHAUFFEUR.

My next informant was a chauffeur in private ployment. He looked contented and was parently prosperous.

"I like my job because it's a good one," he said. "For one thing, I get paid three pounds a week, d a good many of my meals, though I live at me. What's more, my boss allows me to take the car when he doesn't want it, provided I for the petrol, and settle for any minor uries (only I take jolly good care there aren't of these). And as I'm a married man, I often ve splendid times taking my wife and my two- ar-old girl out for jaunts in the country."

My third victim was a clerk in the head office a well-known catering firm, an elderly man, th a lined, rather care-worn face.

"Why do I like my job?" he repeated. "Well, s this way. When I got married some years o, I had a good position with a well-known m of cheap restaurant-keepers, who, however, led in business a year or two back. I was out work, with a wife and four children, for over six onths, and as I'd not been able to save much, e soon, to put it plainly, starved.

"Then at last I got my present job, which, though it isn't very well paid, is, I understand, be permanent.

"Besides this, I am supplied with every kind f food at rockbottom cost price, on a weekly redit system, and such perishable things as read, cake, &c., are often actually *given* to me. hat is why I like my job."

SERVANT OF THE KING.

Next I tackled a stalwart young cavalryman s he was coming out of the "stage door" of he Horse Show at Olympia. Like the majority f soldiers he was not disposed to be garrulous bout his calling.

He simply answered quietly: "For two reasons. irst, because whatever some people may say sneeringly against the private soldier, he is proud to serve his King. An' I'm as proud as anybody." (This with a strange air of shy defiance.) "Secondly, I'm fond of horses—always was. The pay's good, and if you stop with the colours long enough you get a tidy pension. What's that? You s'pose I'm saving up for a girl? Yes," shortly, "I am. Good-bye."

I next invaded the shop of a cheery, rubicund, faced master-saddler, and put my question. He was inclined to be waggish.

"Because I've been connected in some way or other with horses all my life, and this business keeps me constantly in touch with 'em," was his answer. "Then there's money in it, and lastly, there's nothing like leather. Can I sell you a nice bridle-bit, or a muzzle, or anything? You're inclined to be a bit *nosey*. No? Sure? All right. *Good*-day!"

A JOCKEY'S VALET.

Not entirely satisfied with this gentleman's reception, I wended my way to the abode of a casual acquaintance, who acts as valet to a very well-known jockey. He had just got back from Hurst Park, and was imbibing tea with "the missus."

"I like my job," he said, "because ——" (mentioning his master's name) "is a gentleman in the true sense of the word, although he *is* a jockey.

"He treats me like a pal, not like a servant, takes me everywhere, does me on the best, and pays me well. And he always lets me have the odds to a dollar on every mount he wins with. I see all the racing I want, and you bet I want all I can get.

"I can remember every Derby since Hermit's year, and I've seen Morny Cannon so hard pressed coming round Tattenham Corner that he had one leg over the rails at the turn. I like my job because of the sport I get out of it. I wouldn't swop it for any other."

ON THE ROAD.

"It's the variety of my life that pleases me," said a jovial commercial traveller. "One day you're in one town, and in another on the next. You get to know almost every inch of your own country. You put up at quaint old-fashioned commercial inns, and in each of them you meet the best of company, and you're pleased when you come across them again in another town.

"A commercial traveller has perhaps a greater total of what I may call 'floating friends,' jolly chaps who know what real good fellowship is, than most men in other walks of life."

My last inquiry took me to Billingsgate Market, where I met a stalwart giant who earns his livelihood as a fish-porter.

"I like the work because it keeps me fit," he said. "It's hard but healthy; and I like the life. Nobody who hasn't worked in the market, in the small hours of the morning, can realise the picturesqueness of the Thames at London. And what is more a Billingsgate Market porter is better paid than many a man who works as hard or even harder."

J. C.

CLUB NEWS.

BIRMINGHAM.—In connection with the Birmingham MODERN MAN Club a debate on conscription will be held on Wednesday, July 5 at 8.30 p.m. A smoking concert has been arranged for Wednesday, July 12, at 7.30. All readers will be welcomed. The headquarters of the Club are at 46, New Street.

BOXING EVILS.

CONDITIONS THAT ARE RUINING THE NOBLE ART.

This is essentially a pessimistic age, and in connection with every sport there are croakers who apparently derive a sort of melancholy enjoyment from repeated declarations that it is on its last legs, going to the dogs, and so on. In most cases there is, happily, no ground whatever for these woeful moans; as, for instance, in the case of cricket, for the revival of which "doctors" of all kinds have been prescribing an infinite variety of "cures" in view of the supposed failing popular interest. But the lie has been given to them all by a big cricketing boom this year.

Boxing, on the other hand, is a form of sport, which, despite the cheery asseverations of the sporting newspapers, promoters of contests, and others with axes to grind, is distinctly on the downgrade just now; and for this there are several vital causes which are not made readily apparent to the man in the street.

We are told that the standard of boxing is higher all round than it has been for years, but this is not so.

Go to one of the many widely-advertised halls where big boxing contests take place periodically; and prior to the "big event" you will see minor contests which are intended to keep the spectators patient. Very often you would have to go far, even among amateurs, to find worse exhibitions of utter ineptitude. Stunted, undeveloped, and emaciated couples of youths batter at one another with the feebleness of inefficiency.

What is the meaning of it? Simply that many of these poor wretches have never even had the gloves on before.

They are simply engaged, practically off the streets, to "fight" so many rounds, often for as small a fee as half-a-crown per night.

This is one of the greatest cankers of minor boxing in the professional world.

At the opposite pole to this, but equally vicious in its effect, is the modern tendency to laud up to the skies a boxer who has happened to win a big championship.

For instance, Jack Johnson recently arrived in England; and next morning a halfpenny illustrated daily, with an enormous circulation, published a photograph of two figures looking out of a railway carriage window—an enormous, black, bull-like face, surmounted with a straw hat, and a little white one, looking rather scared. These were the nigger pugilist and his white wife.

Many far more distinguished people had arrived by the same boat. Why were *they* not photographed? Probably because they were not black, and had not mated with a member of another race.

Why, too, should we be surfeited with details of Jack Johnson's walk along the Strand to purchase thousands of pounds worth of jewellery?

All this seems to indicate that the public are being taken back by the newspapers to the insanely hysterical spirit of gladiatorial times. And it is easy to see the effect that this will have on the sport of boxing.

The money element, too, is rife. It is an open secret that a boxer who has practically pledged himself to fight another for a certain sum, can easily be persuaded by a larger offer to fight a third first.

But it is the bioscope business that is the worst enemy of clean boxing. A "picture" is of no value unless it is a long one; so, however easily one man might beat another, he will play with him like a cat does a mouse for ten or more rounds, solely for the sake of the "picture" money.

G. R. EMMS.

CYCLING HINTS

FROM THE PEN OF A WHEELMAN OF EXPERIENCE

The first hint that an experienced cyclist may give to the novice is regarding the purchase of his machine.

It is regrettable to say that at present there are many periodicals and newspapers which accept advertisements from firms whose methods are of a more or less fraudulent character. You write to these firms for particulars, and receive an elaborate booklet, describing some special machine, which is described as being not only of the 1911 pattern but also embodying all the improvements which will be found in the 1912 pattern.

Many of these firms have seized the opportunity of the present Coronation year to call their offer a Coronation offer. The opinion of King George with regard to the matter would be interesting.

The literature, as they call it in the advertising world, of such firms is very interesting and well got up. Many of them spend more money on their pamphlets than they do on their machines.

If you do not accept their first offer, they send you a circular got up like a personal letter, with your name and address at the top, expressing the "managing director's" surprise at your not having responded to their offer. Perhaps you are discourteous or wise enough not to reply to their second message, but still they do not give you up, and they send you circular after circular, eventually offering you "special discounts," until at last you feel that probably their machine is worth buying.

WATCH THE GUARANTEE.

Before coming to a decision in the matter you ought to study the guarantee given by the advertising company. Some of them give a guarantee covering an impossible number of years. It is worth your while to consider whether the company in question is going to last as many years as the guarantee covers.

It is also worth while comparing the prices of such companies with the prices charged for similar machines by firms with an established reputation. In most cases it will be found that the well-known firm gives better value at a lower figure than does the firm which sends you endless circulars and letters, and regards you apparently as a sort of personal friend.

In this connection it is only just to say that the majority of the cycling firms at present advertising are perfectly honest, but there are one or two of them—whose advertisements do not appear in *this* paper—which should unquestionably be avoided by the man who wants a good machine at a fair price.

DISTANCE.

When a man takes up cycling, one of the first problems he puts to himself concerns the distance that he thinks he ought to cover in the day's run.

He reads of men cycling fifty miles, or even a hundred, in a day, and he feels a desire to approach their record as nearly as he can. He is off the rails when he comes to such a decision. Cycling records, like all others, are made by men specially trained, and it is ridiculous for a man leading an ordinary sedentary life to suppose that he can even approach them.

A fifty mile run for the ordinary man is a hard one, and if he wants to enjoy himself he will be well advised to cut his distance down to twenty or even ten miles.

A man who makes cycling his hobby may do a hundred miles in a day with perfect ease, but the average man, who regards the bicycle merely as an accessory to the enjoyment of his leisure, is wise if he does not become either a speed merchant or a distance merchant.

Unless you are in special training, a long run will make you uncomfortably tired, and in cycling, as in other exercises, you want to feel refreshed at the end of your outing and not exhausted.

Unfortunately, most cycling clubs are keen either on speed or distance, and probably that is why their membership remains scanty. The average man who wants to enjoy a Saturday afternoon on his bicycle, wheels along slowly and easily, and covers perhaps only ten or fifteen miles, but he enjoys every mile and every furlong.

SPEED AND COMFORT.

After all, what is the good of working up speed on a bicycle? You can travel at twice the rate on an express train. The bicycle should be regarded as a vehicle of enjoyment and not as a method of attaining rapid speed.

There is much difference of opinion as to the clothes that one should wear when cycling.

A year ago, cycling shoes, which looked a cross between bath slippers and dancing pumps, were the vogue amongst those who pride themselves on covering long distances at high speeds. Since then many of them have adopted ugly boots, cut with a "V" shape where the boot comes highest at the back of the ankle, and with hardly any heels. Possibly next season some of them will decide to cycle bare-footed.

As a matter of fact, the speed cyclist is a victim to his outfitter. The firm which supplies his togs sends him a catalogue illustrating some so-called improvement in some point of cycling outfit, and the speed man considers that he must necessarily possess it.

COMFORTABLE CLOTHES.

Let the speed merchant dress as he will, the ordinary cyclist will still don the garments that are most suitable and convenient.

If you are cycling in wet weather, you want, of course, a good cape, breeches that are more or less water-proof, leggings, and boots, but if, as in the present season, you are cycling in weather that is comfortably warm, you will probably wear flannel trousers, and ordinary boots or shoes, according to your own convenience.

The prejudice against boots for cycling is not justified by experience.

As for headgear, a straw hat is, of course, impossible, owing to its liability to blow off, and a cap of light weight will be found best.

Another tip in regard to clothes concerns flannel collars. They look in a hosier's shop very comfortable, but they do not always prove to be so, for if your skin is tender they will irritate it much more than an ordinary starched collar.

As to the fittings of the machine, it is best not to buy so-called novelties, but to stick to something that has been well tried, and h proved to be good.

The various bells, syrens, and buzzers, th are worked by contact with the tyre of th front wheel may be useful, and may be attrac tive to certain people, but they are not use by gentlemen. A gentleman does not ca to ride a cycle down a street, with an ea rending screech accompanying him, and wi the eyes of all on the pavement following him. The ordinary bell is good enough fo all purposes.

Sometimes it may be a little troublesom but that is generally due to the dome bein screwed up too tightly. If your bell does no ring easily, screw the dome back a little, an you will find that it will be all right, pro vided that you have kept the interior mecha nism fairly well oiled and free from rust.

SIDE-SLIP.

One bugbear of the cyclist is side-slip. This is a danger to be guarded against with the greatest care on roads which hav tram lines in the middle of them. On such roads the trams come whizzing past, and yo have to make your way from the wooden track on to the macadamised part at the side This macadamised part usually slopes very steeply into the gutter, and, if it is muddy and you are riding at a fair speed, it is by no means unlikely that you will have a side-slip Such an accident usually happens when you are descending a hill and free-wheeling. Under such circumstances the best safe guard is to put both your brakes on fairly hard, and to start pedalling.

When you put your weight on the pedals it lowers the centre of gravity of yourself and of the machine, and a side-slip is much less likely to occur.

T. J. LOCK.

RIDICULOUS PICTURES.

SOCIETY'S MALEVOLENT INFLUENCE ON ART.

In this year's Academy there are many pic tures which are by no means complimentary to the present taste of our wealthy people. They are pictures in imitation of those of the famous masters of the eighteenth century without the charm of that period.

You find "Mrs. Blanketty-Blank and daughter," the one a hard-faced, twentieth cen tury woman, with her hair dressed in this year's style, tickling a doll-like infant repos ing in her lap.

The lady is dressed in an artistic eighteenth century costume, and there is much misty chiffon about her and about her child while in the background there is a fair imita tion of the old-fashioned type of trees and sky that the artists of the bygone period liked.

Why cannot a lady of to-day be pictured in a natural manner—in natural dress of the present period? What should we have thought of the ladies of the eighteenth century if they had decided to have their portraits painted in the costume of some bygone time, possibly that of Adam and Eve?

The explanation is usually swank. The modern noveau, envious of some family history of which she has heard, and of some family paintings which she has seen, is anxious to pro vide her posterity wih some similar keys to "high society." Therefore she commissions some artist to put her hard face and her hideous mode of hair-dressing on top of a faked-up eighteenth century figure and cos tume.

It is unfair to blame the artists, for pos of them can see that in modern life there is as much beauty as in any period of the past. The bad taste of such pictures lies at the doors of the vain and foolish women concerned.

E. G.

OMPLETE SHORT STORY.

STRAGGLER FROM THE 10TH

By FRANK SCUDAMORE.

inslie opened his eyes, gazed vacantly for oment into the leafy canopy above him, closed them again.

pleasant feeling of content possessed him; nse of peace and restfulness, with a vague onscious knowledge of duty accomplished responsibility shifted to other shoulders. e lay thus a long time—or it seemed long aking no effort to move or even to rouse self, his mind to all intents a blank page. about him was a great stillness. This also enjoyable.

radually there came a change. A tingling sation seized his limbs. The great still- s ceased to be comforting. It grew oppres- , then terrifying. As the sluggish blood an to course more freely through him he ame aware that he was suffering. Soon perceived that he was in great pain, but d not as yet locate its provenance. And n of a sudden his numbed brain awoke, he began to remember.

e opened his eyes again—very wide this and strove to raise himself, but was ble. His muscles were strangely irrespon- to his will. Moreover, his legs seemed vily-weighted down.

This he found at once was because the dy of a man lay across his knees. It gave no surprise to recognise Ali Gebreen, his llak bugler. Ainslie saw that he was dead hot in the brain.

Ainslie looked about him. He was lying the spreading shade of an adansonya tree a low knoll of clear ground. Some fifty ds away began the dense growth of tall, rse grass, the heavy cover of which had ved their undoing. It seemed to stretch far as his eyes could travel, dotted here there with great trees like the one above

At intervals athwart the high grass ran wide ural lanes of loose rolling sand. It was these open spaces that the fight had chiefly ed. They were thickly strewn with fallen n and beasts, and the lamentable jetsam of eat.

When he had noted this much, Ainslie ame aware that he was not alone. The feeling that he was being watched took d of him.

Instinctively he moved a nerveless hand to- rds his belt. His revolver was not there. e fear born of this knowledge helped to se him fully. His fingers sought the lan- d round his neck, and, finding it, followed to ere the pistol lay on the ground beside him. A sigh of relief broke from him. This was ays something. He was not quite helpless. He cocked the weapon, and then, turning head first to one side and then to the er, discovered the watchers.

Half a dozen yards away lay a dead camel. was, he saw, his own beast, and, perched the carcase, staring with unblinking white- rned eyes, stood three great vultures—one the wooden saddle panel, one on the out- etched neck, and the third on the lean rump. On the raw necks and slavering beaks of foul birds were ample evidences that they d lunched. Now they were prepared to wait the white man should be ready to provide m with dinner.

Ainslie could not forbear a shudder. In vulture bill of fare, he knew, the eye is once the hors d'œuvres and the tit-bit, be snatched, fought for if need be, while e still lingers.

He raised his pistol. Then prudence came his aid. He must not fire.

But the sight of these gruesome scavengers d done him good somehow, and inspired r to instant action. By a great effort he uggled to a sitting position.

The movement taught him somewhat as to his injuries. His left side was all one throbbing ache, and somewhere in the midst of the ache burned a red-hot coal. That, of course, was a bullet-wound.

He glanced at Ali Gebreen, measuring his weight with the eye. In a detached sort of way he reflected that Ali was a good fellow; that he had been loyal and devoted, an excellent soldier. Now he had gone, and that which remained of him must be lifted off the live man's legs.

It was not an easy task, nor accomplished in one attempt, for a hefty six-foot three negro is not easily moved even when alive. But Ainslie succeeded at last, and in the process learned that his right leg was broken between knee and ankle.

He put his hand down and felt the place gingerly. . . . H—m! He would not do that again. The puttee would be sufficient bandage for the present.

Gebreen had a water gourd. Ainslie managed to reach it, and drank what fluid there was. Then he crawled painfully towards his camel. As he approached, the great carrion birds flopped heavily to the ground, and waddled lazily away, their wings trailing in the sand.

On the camel saddle he found his Agra flask and his canvas water-bottle, each half full, and he at once mixed himself a reviving tot. He also found some food—slices of old gazelle meat and biscuits, and, although he was not hungry, he ate.

The food and drink gave him strength, but somehow gave strength also to the pain that wracked his body.

The leg did not matter so much. It was useless, of course, but it was quite numb and might have belonged to someone else. But that hole in his side burned with a persistent and growing fierceness that was maddening. The bleeding, however, had ceased, and his soaked clothing made a sort of pad for the wound. That was something.

He drew himself up till he could sit on the dead camel and send his gaze down the broad sand lanes. He could distinguish among the littered dead the uniforms of the 10th men and not a few Dervish jibbas. But the uniforms predominated.

Evidently it had been a hot fight. It was strange that he could remember nothing of it. He must have been knocked out quite early in the day. He could not think when. His brain refused to afford him any light on the morning's events. Well, let it pass.

All was weirdly still around him. That was nothing. The fight must have moved on, miles and maybe miles again. But always after battle in these waste wilds a lull of some hours followed the action.

Soon, however—and it could not be long—the 10th would return to the fighting ground to bury their killed, and search the grass for surviving wounded; and they would need to cut timber.

A Sudanese cannot be decently laid to rest without a log beneath his head for his last pillow. Ere long then he would hear the clop-clop of axes in the distance — that sound would carry farthest in this vast still plain—and then the medley of voices, drawing nearer, and then the loud lament of those who found a fallen comrade. And then he would himself be found and all would be well.

It was odd indeed that Bullock had not already turned up with a search party, but there was no doubt it had been a running fight, and he might even now be scouring those sandy lanes and yet be miles away.

The band music thrummed in his head—a confusion of melodies — mixed, but all familiar. That was nothing. Every lonely traveller in these wild tropical was s hears that band music when the air is still and even the rare birds are silent. If it was now more persistent than ordinary, well, no doubt, he had lost a good deal of blood. That would account.

He mixed himself another drink from the flask. He must keep up somehow.

Yes, Bullock would be along in due time, or perhaps Pilkington, but Bullock more likely. He would claim the job. Unless—the thought struck him like a blow. Unless—and as this new and terrible possibility seized him his eyes again sought the sandy lanes.

The 10th were pretty thickly strewn in these slaughter alleys, and this was but one side of the battle ground. This mound where he had lain had doubtless been the hub of the fight. He must have a look at the other side.

Every sense in him now keenly alert, Ainslie began his circuit of the adansonya tree. After making a yard or two, he stopped, dragged himself back to his dead beast, and sought and found his Bland pistol—a useful weapon, double-barrelled, and loaded with slugs. He threw open the breech to see if all was in order, and thrust the weapon into the breast of his tunic.

"I'll make somebody sit up," he said grimly, and began his painful crawl anew.

Probably he dimly knew by now, but in any case full confirmation of the worst that could befall was soon before him. There they were all of them on the far side of the tree.

It had been a hard fight—if an unequal. On the approaches to the mound the Dervishes lay in swatters. But then evidently ammunition had given out and a last furious rush of wild brave fanatics had finished the business.

"A fair wipe out," said Ainslie, through set teeth. (He was talking aloud now.) "A fair wipe out."

Bullock had fallen half sitting against the big tree. Fate had dealt hardly with him at the last and his handsome features were not good to look on. So shocking indeed was his appearance that Ainslie, creeping to him spread his handkerchief over the battered face. But Pilkington, who lay some two yards distant might have been in the most reposeful slumber. His arms even were folded.

"So," said Ainslie, "he must have known."

Mitchell had fallen on his face, halfway down the slope. A bullet had taken him early in the fray.

Ruggles, the sergeant-instructor, lay in a tumbled heap, his great limbs twisted under him, and the lean throat of a dead Dervish still gripped in one mighty hand.

They were all there, save Chisholm. But Chisholm, Ainslie recalled, had been in charge of the baggage train.

Poor chap! he must have died alone.

Well, the 10th had fought their last fight, and he, Ainslie, was apparently the sole survivor.

Even now he could remember nothing. It

seemed absurd that his brain should play him such a trick.

The sight of Pilkington's helmet on the ground reminded him that he was bareheaded. He got it, and, as he put it on, a sharp twinge of pain told him of yet another injury.

With an effort Ainslie set himself to think matters round. There seemed to be no wounded among the fallen, of either side.

He looked long at the crumpled heaps that had, a few hours back, been full of life; but could see nowhere any movement other than those caused by the tearing beaks of the vultures, who were already numerous.

Any severely stricken man, however, would, he reflected, have crawled into the grass for shelter.

Certainly the comrades of the fallen Dervishes would return, not merely to look for them, but to collect the precious spoils of battle—weapons, clothing, money. That this had not already been done seemed to indicate that the victors, flushed with success, had pushed on to attack the distant camp.

Well, he would know when that happened. On this breathless day the noise of rifle fire would easily carry thirty miles, and the zareba was not that much away. But after failure there—and surely they must fail—they would come back to this place.

And then?

Ainslie felt his strength was slipping from him. The pain of his wounds was now intense; every fibre of his being quivered with agony, and his head throbbed with a reverberating, dull, heavy beat as of a persistent gong.

With infinite difficulty he unscrewed the top of his flask and took a pull at the spirit. Then he dragged himself slowly to the tree where Bullock leaned, and sat beside his dead friend, the Bland pistol in his lap.

* * * * * * *

The band music was growing louder now, more confused and more insistent, and countless huge white birds kept rising from the ground before his feet and flew straight ahead amid a loud whirring of mighty wings.

* * * * * * *

The white, round moon hung low in the heavens. The broad lanes of sand amid the grass shone like streams of silvery water. The scattered dead showed up against the white, clear as in daylight, but exaggerated in size, and their twisted, huddled, distorted shapes cast huge grotesque shadows on the sand.

Yet there was movement now, where before had been the repose of death.

A long string of camels came stalking down one of the broad avenues, their immense silhouettes dancing behind them with fantastic contortions.

Around them moved a mob of native warriors, each burdened with a load of many weapons and slung about with numerous articles of equipment—belts, bandoliers, water bottles, all the oddments that go to make existence possible to the soldier on march, and of more value than gold to these desert fighters.

Many of the great beasts themselves were already heaped high with the clothing and other belongings of the slain, and the eager workers were as greedily busy over each corpse or heap of dead they came to as were the gorged vultures who paddled away at their approach.

The Dervishes worked with method, calling on one another the while in harsh staccato accents.

Sometimes rough notes of hoarse lamentation broke from them when they recognised a friend among the draggled jibbas; sometimes a loud cry, a scream almost of savage exultation when there seemed to linger some faint spark of life in an enemy.

But whether friend or foe the maimed body was quickly stripped and hustled ruthlessly in the process. Death had no terrors for these hard men, and claimed no respect.

Yet there was a difference in their mode of treatment. The Dervish was left nude, with limbs splayed abroad, to the birds and desert dogs and the sun. Not so the soldier.

A number of asses accompanied these working parties, and the gruesome cargo that filled the nets slung across their meagre backs grew ever more weighty.

For these were head-hunters—seeking on this stricken field to glut their master's savage delight with the irrefutable proof of the full measure of their triumph.

Slowly these toilers of the night advanced towards the mound and the adansonya tree.

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Ainslie felt cold, but was otherwise quite comfortable. He had now no concern with anything that might befall.

Dimly he noted that it was night and that the moon was up. Why not?

Now and again he talked to Bullock, and did not recognise that he got no reply.

Sometimes he sang—thin quavering songs, in a reedy, gasping voice scarce human in its uncanny cadences—snatches of old airs of his youth—memories of camp-fire smokers—and called into the night for the chorus. "Sing up, gentlemen!" Why didn't they sing up?

* * * * * * *

His failing eyes lit on the crumpled form of Ruggles, half-way down the slope, on whom the moon rays glared whitely.

"Come up here, sergeant-major!" he called in a croaking whisper. "Come up. We're all pals to-night!"

From amid the heaped dead round the sergeant, three, four, tall shapes loomed up into the moonlight, and then bent down again.

A knife gleamed with a rippling glitter, and for a moment Ainslie's mind came back to him.

He saw the horrid operation in progress—noted the brutal violence of the savage ravisher and understood.

His voice lashed the silence in a strident imperious shout, and the Arabs, arrested by the sudden outcry, looked up—shocked—from their task.

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There was a pause while victors and vanquished gazed at each other. Then with a yell the head-hunters leaped forward.

The Bland pistol spoke once and again.

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Two Dervishes, heavily laden, staggered down the slope towards the waiting asses. One head, the latest trophy, swinging by short, fair curls from a claw-like hand, dripped dark gouts onto the moon-lit sand.

The spreading branches of the great tree threw a black pall over the mound. Behind it in the heavy silence the straggler from the 10th had found his lost battalion.

A FAMOUS PUNTER.

Lord Desborough was a famous punter on the Thames when he was known as Mr. W. H. Grenfell, of Taplow Court.

Tall and powerfully built, he punted equally well on either side, and won all his races in the Amateur Punting Championship very easily.

He was amateur champion in 1888, 1889, and 1890, when he retired, though he still takes a keen interest in the sport, and every year presents a gold medal to the winners of the professional punting championship.

In his younger days Lord Desborough was a very fine all-round athlete.

As a boy he was in the Harrow Cricket Eleven. Then he went up to Oxford and represented his University in the three miles race and in the Boat Race.

He has climbed many great peaks and has twice swum Niagara.

THE DISTANT STORM.

A SUMMER DAY EXPERIENCE.

The thundery day, when the thunder comes across a few miles of intervening hills, has a peculiar attraction for many a man who finds a study in the daily weather, and to whom one day is never like another in its phases.

England affords the storm-watcher unexampled opportunities. There are seldom those long-lasting intense outbursts that drive every creature, human or otherwise, into shelter, though at times even the hardiest and most weatherworn are glad to escape the brief violence of the storm as it crashes over the peaceful English countryside.

But the distant storm has an interest all its own.

Sometimes in the early morning the tiny black midges are busy tormenting every inch of exposed skin, or finding their way under the edge of one's cap, to make things thoroughly uncomfortable. They are almost sure forerunners of thundery weather.

Here and there through the openings in the woods there can be seen clear-cut knolls and rounded masses of creamy cumulus cloud, lying apparently motionless on the ocean of blue. Just above the little range of hills, seven miles across the levels, there rises a bolder mass, towering above the rest, lifting its huge crest far into the sky, and constantly adding to its mass by a silent process which is hardly perceptible.

Below, towards the low summits of the hills, a dense, almost purple, curtain hangs downward, partly enveloping the land in a grey-blue haze, and partly falling away in denser, deeper hues to the back of the hills.

It is below this towering mass of cloud over the hills that the centre of the gathering storm lies. It seems always about to burst forth, and yet for an hour or two there is silence. Still there is a growing sense of tension in the air, even around the watcher on the far side of the valley, seven miles away. Trees, birds, and all creatures appear to have some inkling of this tension.

Then after a long period, during which the quietude and the tenseness of the air grows almost unbearable, there floats across the intervening miles a deep, steady reverberation that might be heavy gun-firing.

The storm has burst somewhere beyond your ken, and the uproar and crash come across to you as a steady, modified, splendid boom. You wonder if it will come your way, and you mount the high ground to watch it.

The light around you is too brilliant for the distant lightning to be seen, but ever and again the boom of the thunder comes over the valley, now in soft, velvet rolls, now in harder, rounder bursts, almost like a crash, yet robbed of its hot anger.

And the silence deepens around you. In the wood not a leaf stirs; only here and there in the sunshine the flies dart silently to and fro. For the rest a heavy weight of oppressive air fills the firmament.

The storm-centre moves very slowly along the ridge. Now and again you catch sight of a faint flicker as a flash crosses the darkest part of the cloud curtain. You count the seconds until the first rumble of the resulting boom is heard, and thus roughly calculate the distance in miles.

Evidently the storm is not coming your way. The sounds grow fainter and fainter until they are only heard at long intervals, and then more as a deep breath passing through the air.

By evening there is no sign of storm or cloud, and yet at night when darkness has fallen, far away below the horizon there is still a display of lightning, for every few seconds the haze is illuminated. But not a sound reaches you.

E. E. MARSH.

MEN AND GOOD LOOKS

FROM THE MASCULINE POINT OF VIEW.

What makes a man good-looking? The question has been asked over and over again, and never satisfactorily answered.

The characteristics of a pretty woman one can more or less generally sum up. Regular features or a good colour, pretty hair, a good figure, and so on—all these go to make up the average man's idea of a pretty woman, and he knows more or less definitely what he means by each attribute.

The attributes of a good-looking man, however, are more difficult to decide upon.

The good looks that appeal to a woman are always those that attract a fellow man. The woman, at least of the less seriously-minded type, likes the Greek god type of face—regular features, a pink and white complexion, curly hair, and perhaps a silky moustache.

But good looks of this type do not often go down with men, though one of the best looking chaps I ever knew might have been the model for the Hermes of Praxiteles. He was a splendid athlete and the best of companions, and was not devoid of conceit. But, in my experience, at least, he was unique.

BEAUTY MEN.

The "beauty man" is generally painfully conscious of his "beauty." He is always vain, and there is a touch of effeminacy about him that gets up the back of his fellow man. Indeed, if carried to extremes, of women also.

The man who in the eyes of other men is good-looking would probably be the last to consider himself so. It is the strength of face that is attractive. There is character behind it.

The cult of mere good looks is really extinct. The "beauty man's" face is usually devoid of expression. He possesses good features, but nothing more.

It is expression that makes a man's face pleasing or otherwise, and expression is not a thing that can be assumed. It is simply the outward and visible expression of the man's character.

A good strong chin is the one feature that is almost always to be found in the good-looking man's face. His nose may be any shape you like, his eyes may be blue, grey, or brown, his hair may be soft and smooth, curly, or neither, but he will always have a firm chin.

COMPLEXION AND HAIR.

Another thing that is generally to be found in a good-looking man is a clear complexion. It may not be, probably will not be, of the pink-and-white kind that one admires in women, but whether it is bronzed or pale interesting, he is usually possessed of a clean, clear skin.

Here is one of the few points in which a man can effectively improve his looks. A good complexion generally follows from a healthy mode of life, but a judicious application of sulphur ointment, and steaming over a basin of hot water, will often aid wonderfully in clearing the skin.

Then a man who might otherwise be considered good-looking spoils his appearance by the way in which he arranges his hair. I am aware that this is not so important as in the case of a woman, but there are men, for instance, who look merely foolish with their hair parted in the middle.

Again, a man must have strong features to look well with his hair plastered down and brushed smoothly back from his forehead.

Sometimes, on the other hand, one sees a man with a low forehead, who should have made the most of what he possessed, with his hair allowed to grow long in front so as actually to exaggerate the narrowness of his forehead.

We cannot all be strikingly handsome, but we can make the most of what pretensions to good looks we possess.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

How often do you say to yourself, on passing some handsome man in the street, "I wish I were as good-looking as he is." If you don't occasionally feel that way, I am afraid you must be rather conceited.

But at these times it is comforting to remember that probably there are plenty of people who would consider you much better looking.

It is all a matter of opinion, and if you did happen to be so handsome that every one admitted it, you would be such a conspicuous person that life would be hardly worth living—unless you were an actor. They seem to thrive on it.

As Plautus remarked a good many centuries ago, "It is an extremely wretched thing to be an over-handsome man."

F. W. Bankes.

IN THE HAYFIELD.

SUMMER'S TURNING POINT.

The first big harvest of the fields is in full swing. It is not an entirely pleasant thought or an entirely pleasant sight, for it means that a big slice of a summer that is always too short has slipped away almost before we have fully realised that it is summer.

There is, though, a delicious fragrance in the air. It comes wafting over the hedges, caring nothing for the dust of motor-cars; and makes a walk a still greater delight than ever.

By the time the scent reaches the road it has become that of hay—faint, "sweet," as it is called—but that hardly expresses it. It is the most delicate earth scent there is.

Over in the field, however, where it is newly-laid by the knives of the machine, it has a moist, sappy freshness as it lies exhaling its full strength.

The machine goes whirring round the field, making the central square of uncut grass smaller and smaller at every turn. The long lines of cut grass lie lush and thick behind the blades waiting for the turning, the hay-making. Long after it is first cut in the early morning it keeps green on the upper-side.

Then a little later, when the field has been shaved, raked, and deserted again, it will look like a raw surface for a time until the thinner second growth comes along. Meanwhile it is the haunt of many birds, finding an easily-reached supply of all sorts of insect food on the freshly-exposed surface.

In the corner of the field the stack is almost thatched, and by to-morrow the old thatcher, with his gads and his string and straw, will have moved on to another job.

E. Malone.

"RIGGED" RACES.

UP-TO-DATE TRICKS OF THE "CROOK" JOCKEY.

There is a story told of a "crook" jockey a good many years ago, who declared "I sha'n't win unless the reins break"; but any modern racing man would laugh at that story now. "Pulling," which used to be a very favourite trick of the jockey who rode "on the cross," is nowadays so easily detected and so stringently punished by the officials of the Jockey Club, that it can safely be said to have passed into desuetude.

But this does not mean to say that illegitimate riding is no longer practised—or even that other steps are not taken to prevent a horse from winning against its owner's wishes. Quite as many races are "rigged" nowadays as ever; but they are "rigged" much more cleverly.

For instance, a good many of our readers will doubtless remember the strange occurrence, a year or two ago, on a certain well-known racecourse, when the favourite in a two-year-old race, ridden by a clever apprentice, suddenly bolted with its rider, jumped the rails, threw the jockey, and then commenced placidly cropping the lush grass at the side of the course.

As a result of this, the animal in question gained a particularly undesirable reputation for "vice"; and the next time it was pulled out nobody would back it, although delightfully generous odds were laid against it.

It is whispered, however, that its astute Hebraic owner and the stable dribbled a by no means inconsiderable sum on it in various quarters, and picked up a packet over it; for this time it ran like an angel and won comfortably.

It seemed rather strange, by the way, though nobody alluded to the fact at the time, that when the obstreperous gee jumped the rails and threw its rider the latter only sustained one or two trifling bruises! To put it even more plainly, it is regarded even to this day by those who know, to have been undoubtedly a rigged race.

How many times do we hear that so-and-so was brought to the post in the pink of condition, but showed temper at the gate and got left? There is such an occurrence at almost every meeting, and at the majority there are more than one. In each case the racing public takes these little happenings as a matter of course, and thinks no more about it.

One or two jockeys who must not, for obvious reasons, be named, but who will doubtless be readily recognised by those of our readers who follow the doings of the racing world more or less closely, have the reputation of being woefully "unlucky." But there are those who would describe them with a very different—indeed, much nastier—term.

These unfortunate riders are continually getting unruly mounts, who either jib at the gate or else rush off, refusing to be restrained, and pump themselves out before the race is half over.

In one of the early spring handicaps in the present year the rider of a well-backed horse brought dismay to the hearts of thousands of punters by getting "shut in," when he had, apparently, a good chance of winning. But he did it very cleverly; and it was only the extreme few who even suspected that he had "rigged" his race.

When a "crook" jockey sees that his mount has an intense but misguided desire to get home before the others, he simply drops back half a length or so behind two who are following him close together. He then puts forth apparently strenuous efforts to "get up" again; and in so doing cleverly sandwiches himself between the two leaders. Thus he loses the race—and the reporter sympathetically records the "sad" fact that he was "shut in."

C. Birch.

THE DUST OF DEFEAT

A STUDY.

By
E. HAMILTON EDDING.

Suitably dazed, he had sought a seat anywhere where She might not be, anywhere where her haunting smile was not visible, anywhere where her silvery laughter, so soothing to his ears aforetime, should not jar on his innermost soul.

He found a spot beyond the outer ring of the seats round the Hyde Park bandstand. The madding crowd was many yards distant from him. It was fitting, even on that sunny Sunday afternoon that the band should be playing something sad.

A man, when he comes to the moment of disillusionment, throws off the trappings of tawdry trickery. He sees just what such things are worth in a world that in the future is to be not only loveless, but stern to him. Without a single doubt, She had cut him dead. . . . Well, perhaps 'twas better so. And it was for Her that he had given up, for many consecutive Sundays, his well-earned after-dinner slumber in the smoke-room of Messrs. Lace and Ribbon's Assistants' Club!

His hand, pressed to his beating heart, fell naturally upon the little Russia leather card-case that was in his top left-hand waistcoat pocket.

Let that go by the board first of all!

It had been a little, unconsciously expressed, wish of hers. He had heard her speaking well of a gentleman she had known who carried cards. Thus he had ordered them at cost price in the stationery department, launching forth first of all into a shillingsworth of "Mr. Albert Lipscombe's," and later putting them aside because Mr. Basham the shopwalker had informed him that the "Mr.," according to the laws of etiquette, meant that he was married. A similar quantity of plain "Albert Lipscombe" (booked until spiffs-time) followed. A dozen of these reposed in that card-case. What use would they be to a man who was about to retire from the world? He took them out, even the one with the pencilled cross in the corner (so plain in its meaning) that he was going to present to her to nestle in her foot-square bag that contained the sweet secrets of her toilette, the 'bus tickets, the hairpins, and, often, spending money to the amount of sevenpence ha'penny. Dear 'bus tickets, dear hairpins, dear, futile sevenpence ha'penny! He caught himself aching a little at the recollection of them. Yet, that was not manly. No, the cards must be torn up. . . . It was done! They lay, pitifully flicked about in the cooling breeze on the grass of Hyde Park now. The fragment whereon was the cross was miraculously caught by a gust of wind and sent aviating beyond the trees, out of sight, into the illimitable void where there were other lights o' love in the straight up and down figure.

He found, with alarm, that he was romancing. Perhaps that tiny fragment of pasteboard bearing the cross would bowl merrily along even until it fluttered into the lap of some fair girl seated on one of the penny green seats. Who knew but what she would pick it up, gauge its meaning, and drop it into the abysmal depths of her bag, later to be discovered by Albert Lipscombe?

Ah, it was a pretty thought, but a thing with which Albert Lipscombe was entirely finished. Well might he on returning to his cubicle (annoyingly undeserving of the adjective "solitary" because he shared it with Bignold of the Furnishing Drapery) tear up all those cards bearing the "Mr." that denoted, according to Mr. Basham, the Benedick. He saw himself going through life alone, just like grey-haired Mr. Basham, of the Gents, who looked even on pretty improvers fresh from the country now as things of no import, who joined in no speculations concerning them, who raved no longer in company with the young gentlemen of Lace and Ribbon's over light hair and blue eyes, or dark hair and deep-green orbs.

He would confide in Basham. Oblivious of his station in life, the lack of love should level their ranking. They would take solitary walks, walk devoid of the merest whiff of scented femininity borne by a cross breeze—and they would talk of the sterner things of life. It was an ill-wind that blowed nobody any good. Perhaps Basham would benefit, perhaps he would like an understanding affinity in whom to confide. . . .

His eye fell now on the polished toes of his new boots that gave back the glorious light of the afternoon sun.

She had said that she liked patent boots, that they set off a man's trousers, that they gave the "distangay" touch so necessary in the perfect gentleman. The care he had taken in lacing them up, even tying them with the tricky, unable-to-come-untied bow that under her tuition he had learned to tie one blissful evening upon one of her own prettily-shoed feet! All wasted, all love's labour entirely lost.

The expense of the new suit had forbidden an immediate outlay on a trouser-press. Wherefore it had needed much extra care to place them under his mattress, and fat old "Podgy" Bignold, that the crease might be keener, had had to be let into the secret of his passion before he would see the sense of changing beds with him for three nights. How empty to have to confess to him that all had been in vain, that even Bignold's weight thrown into his side of the scales of love had been of no avail.

It was a grey flannel suit, too. Greys were fashionable that season. She had stated definitely that she liked grey flannel suits, so definitely, in fact, that he had, for a passing moment, been annoyed because she had particularly admired a man who was wearing one. Following this line of thought, it served to show more plainly still that it was indeed "better so." Even the new olive-green Tyrolese hat he was wearing she had admired on another man, and he (poor fool!) had been so misguided as to mortgage the few remaining shillings of his month's wages to purchase it. It was not the hat she had admired so much as the man! . . . Dark thought. Was it he of the grey flannel suit or he of the Tyrolese hat with whom she had intended to comport herself for that afternoon?

Which was his rival? Thank heaven, as an apprentice he had been the victorious hero of many a fight in the Country Despatch, even with lusty young porters and carter's boys. And because of the humiliation that attended on his buying the cards, the new hat, the new suit, and the patent boots, there would be some satisfaction in blacking it out in black eyes. . . .

A light, gloved hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"I've been looking for you for the half-hour all round the bandstand," said a well-known voice. "And, believe me, I stood the other side of the trees, not knowing whether to come up or no, for over two minutes. Why, I hardly recognised you in your new things. Come along, Bert. You do look a smart boy this afternoon."

COUNTRY COUSINS.

OBSERVATIONS OF A LONDONER.

Although the Coronation is over, London is still full of country cousins, and will be for some time to come. Many of them avoided the Coronation for fear of the crush and the expense, others because they had their own local celebrations to attend.

It is easy to tell the country cousin. I do not mean this disparagingly. If sometimes he is readily to be identified by his ill-fitting clothes and his flaming, antiquated, four-in-hand, ready-made tie, you may find him equally in the morning coat and patent leather boots of Bond Street.

But even the art of the West-End tailor cannot conceal the country cousin. His clothes are well cut, but he is not really at home in them. He has a "new" appearance. His hair is newly shorn, his hat, his gloves are very new. He looks about him as he walks, and is ingenuously glad to meet old friends and to hear the news of the "little village," as he persists in calling it.

In any case, his tanned and ruddy complexion, his hearty voice and laugh give him away.

To come to humbler types, modernity has improved the country cousin. In the old days when he came up to "Lunnon Town" he wore his good broadcloth, she her best silk. Their clothes, if not modish, were good, and fitted them. To-day, the country cousin too often arrives in shoddy imitation of the alleged fashion.

The exaggerated respect of the country cousin for the Londoner amuses me.

I am not thinking of mild old rectors or laid-up in-lavender old maids, disinterred from country vicarage or cottage. They may well be confused and uncertain of themselves in the big bustling city. But why is it that hard-headed successful business men from the big provincial cities and towns seem to lose all confidence in themselves when they come to London—that is, out of business?

They defer to you in a way that is almost painful. They expect you to know everything, whereas probably they know a great deal more about London and her institutions than you do.

They are obsessed with the idea that London is a very wicked place, and that you are no better than a dog, whereas in all probability your wildest dissipation consists of half a crown's worth at a music-hall and a couple of small Basses.

Sometimes their attitude is almost antagonistic. They seem to think that every body is conspiring and noticing them, and they are mortally afraid of being laughed at. As a rule, however, they are frankly appreciative of everything London.

Walking-sticks come from the country, but the country cousin rarely carries one. I wonder why?

On the other hand, he usually insists on carrying a heavy overcoat about with him even on the hottest of days.

He is, of course, great on sight-seeing, and you are hard put to it to conceal your ignorance of matters and monuments on which he expects you to be a walking encyclopædia.

But he is a good chap, the country cousin, and any little hospitality you show him will be repaid a hundred-fold when you go down his way. This is the more praiseworthy because many people sponge on their country cousins in the country, only to cold-shoulder them when they come to town.

C. E. M.

SOCIAL OBSERVATIONS OF AN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

OUR LITTLE JUNCTION

...as always been a puzzle to many people there is any station at our place. We are ... farms and six cottages, and as these ... separated by wide acres, we cannot ... called a hamlet, let alone a village. ... we are a junction.

... main line takes us in its giant stride across those fields that seem interminable ... regarded from a corner seat in ... The trains pass us by without ... such as a shriek of recognition from the ... of them even stop.

... would indeed have been no station ... alone a *junction*—but for the fact ... on each side of us there lies a ...-size country town. The one lies eight ... the other nine miles from the junction, ... each, having no main line of its own, is ...cied with the main line—at our junction ... a single-track branch line.

WE HAVE A STATION.

... the railway directors brought the ... down here they wobbled to one ... and then to another, uncertain which of ... two country towns they would touch at. ... of the country towns tried hard to get ... main line to visit it.

... can only suppose, at this distance ..., that the attractions were equally ...ded, and the directors, undecided between ... two, finally made a bolt for it and shot ... railway through between the towns, al... equidistant from both, and left them—

... our chance. The two towns ... dissatisfied. They wanted "railway ...lities," and so two single-track lines were ...wn out from a point near our three farms ... six cottages—and we became a junction. ...ce trains ... way every day! That is ...rise.

...reover, we have all the oldest rolling-... on the line. Our engines are diminu... asthmatic, and without much paint, and ... carriages have clanking wheels, ill-fit... doors, and roofs that have been scorched ...very summer sun since the main line was ...e. On the official notices within the car...es, the name of a general manager who ... long since died, still appears.

... short, we are not up to date. But we ... a very interesting junction.

WE WAKE UP.

... certain hours of the day, a lounger ... is on good terms with the porters can ...ll on to one of our three platforms—we ... not an ordinary wayside station, with two, ... a junction: it's written on all the sta...pil lamps "Junc.," but it means junction—watch a very interesting phase of life.

When our two single-track lines were laid ... to say when we became a ... the two towns which they served ...satisfied with life as they had pre...known it, and went in for all sorts of ... and fashion...

... as the saying goes, "to give ..." and people who had for ...viously been satisfied with what ...ted for them in the quiet little shops ...o towns actually began to demand ...

...sequence was that the towns at... ... ...

MAKING THE BEST OF THE SEASIDE.

SOME QUITE UNORTHODOX PASTIMES.

Many men go to the seaside for a holiday and return wholly unbenefited, having made the worst and not the best of the sea.

They were content to follow the hackneyed round, something after this fashion:

Late breakfast. Sit in chair and listen to band. A drink. More band. Another drink. Heavy lunch. Sit in chair and listen—*i.e.*, doze through—performance of concert party. Heavy tea. Billiards and drinks. Heavy dinner and concert party, or concert party followed by heavy supper. Final drinks and bed, and, as the musicians say, *da capo*.

Sometimes the routine is varied by a dip in the sea or an excursion on a crowded char-a-banc, but is it any wonder that these men get bored and bilious and return to town in worse health than when they left?

Other men look to the sea as an adjunct to the golf links.

I admit that golf is never so enjoyable as when played within sight of the sea, but these men day in and day out are on the links from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., when they return dog tired, and the sea practically does not exist for them.

Moreover these enthusiasts are usually men who golf all the year round, and the absence of real change in their holiday does them no good.

Now as to making the best of the seaside, the first thing is not to allow yourself to get too much of it.

The tip is at least once a week to take a walk bang inland.

At some seaside places—Whitby, Yorkshire, for instance—you can get a complete change from sea to moorland scenery and air in the course of half an hour's walk or so, and the moorland air is in its way quite as invigorating and tonic as the sea.

At other seaside resorts—Margate, for example—the island is not so inviting; but never mind, do a twenty-mile tramp right away from the sea, and then train back to it to find it as sweet, as salt, as bracing as if it were your first day beside it.

Then, at least on the South Coast and toward August, you may often find some Channel swimmer training for the great feat which, I suppose and hope, will some day be accomplished, or, rather, be repeated.

If you are a fairly good swimmer, what's the matter with joining him in his practice swims?

He will probably be grateful to you, and it will make an interesting change from ordinary bathing.

There is fishing. I don't mean the humdrum pier-head affair, but the real thing.

A pot or two of beer, a pipeful or two of 'baccy will make you friends with the local fisherman—as distinguished from the long-shore loungers—and it is fine fun to go out for a night's fishing with them.

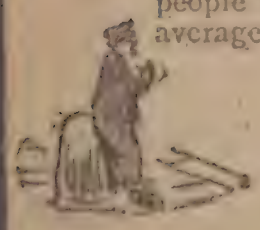
When you have had your fill of pulling up codling, conger, plaice, and turbot, get them to take you lobster- and crab-potting.

Then why not improve on the ordinary footling shrimping of the amateur by having a day with the professionals?

If you are partial to an occasional glass of beer or spirits avoid the regular hotel or pub buffet. Get down by the harbour side and investigate the quiet inns in back streets. There you will meet the genuine fishermen, and, preserving a judicious silence, you will learn much that is worth knowing.

The fisher folk are the really interesting people at the seaside, but how much does the average visitor see or know of them?

A. KINDRED.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE.

I am printing this week one of the most dramatic stories I have ever published. It is "A Straggler from the 10th," and the writer is Mr. Frank Scudamore, the famous war correspondent.

Men join the Army for various reasons. One is that they have failed to succeed in their own line of business, and another is that they like the smart uniform.

To the man who is healthy, and well set up, and out of a job, the Army seems to offer an almost ideal life. The work that has to be done improves a man's physique and makes him feel fitter, and therefore happier, and his pay supplies him with all the spending money he needs.

That is one side of the picture. Mr. Scudamore shows you, in his story, the other side.

You meet a young cavalryman in a well-fitting tunic, tight overalls, and spurs, the whole surmounted by a healthily red face, indicative of perfect contentment. You feel that his is the ideal life. Has it ever struck you that this same man is liable at any moment to be compelled to strip off his finery, and to don service kit, and endure whatever hardships may be considered necessary for the welfare of his country by the officials at the War Office?

I bought this story from Mr. Scudamore some time ago, but I have held it over because it seemed so terrible that I feared that it would horrify my readers. After a consultation with some of my military friends, however, I have decided to publish it, because it shows the other side of the picture.

Mr. Scudamore is not given to talking about himself, but I have learned from other sources that on one particular occasion he was one of the six men who were left alive after the cutting up of a British column in the Soudan.

The night before, according to my informant, one of the subalterns, who was supposed to have the gift of fortune-telling, offered to entertain his fellow-officers by describing to them what would happen on the following day. He said there would be a big battle.

He used a pack of cards, and each man drew one. Then, as he examined the cards drawn, he said quite merrily: "You'll be killed" to one, and "You'll get off" to another.

Mr. Scudamore was one of those whom he said would get off, and his prophecy was correct. His prophecies as to those who would be killed came equally true.

LITERARY AGENCIES.

Talking of stories brings me to the subject of those who desire to write for papers.

Every day we have to deal here with a large number of manuscripts, many of which are useful, but the bulk of which are sent in by people who do not know how to write.

Instead of setting forth something interesting within their own experience, they endeavour slavishly to imitate the sort of articles that have already appeared in print. Their argument appears to be that if So-and-So's article on such-and-such a subject was good enough to print, theirs must be good enough also, for it is an exact imitation of the article in question.

The reasoning is wrong. Novelty is essential in every paper, and no editor will buy an article that is just like something that he has already printed.

Another great fallacy of literary aspirants is to submit their work to so-called literary agencies. These agencies send many manuscripts here, but, on consulting my books, I find that during the two and a half years of the existence of this paper we have not purchased one single manuscript from a literary agency.

I do not quite know how these agencies are worked, because I have never considered it worth while investigating their methods, but I believe that it is customary for them to charge their clients half-a-guinea or so, and to guarantee that the manuscript will be submitted to at least twenty editors.

The literary aspirant imagines, for some reason best known to himself, that an editor will be much more impressed by his work if an agency sends it in than he would be if it were submitted direct. The prejudice is all the other way.

Literary agencies would be useful, perhaps, if they knew their business, or if they took the trouble to put their knowledge to use; but it seems to me that their main concern is to net in their half-guineas, and, so far as I can judge, after that they leave the sending out of the manuscripts to the care of some office boy. Anyhow, we receive here from literary agencies articles that are absolutely unsuitable for this paper, and entirely out of touch with it.

SCHOOLMASTERS.

A reader who is a schoolmaster sends me an interesting letter as to his opinion of his profession. "What does a schoolmaster do?" he asks. "He only passes his knowledge on to others. He learns certain things, and then he spends his time teaching those same things to boys. There is nothing in that to expand a man's mind. The schoolmaster is merely a vehicle for the transference of knowledge. He does not create any new thought or any new idea. He suffers from a type of mental stagnation."

To some extent I agree with my correspondent, for I have known schoolmasters who have felt as he does, but it seems to me that if a man desires expansion he can usually get it.

Schoolmasters can take up some hobby in their spare time, and many of them do. It may interest you to know that one of our most popular contributors is a schoolmaster. He makes writing not only a method of gratifying his desire for mental expansion, but also a very profitable hobby.

Apart from that, I do not think that a schoolmaster should consider that he is standing still. If he himself does not participate actively in the business of life, he is training others who will do so.

I shall not readily forget my debt to the schoolmaster who taught me what I know of English composition. He taught me other subjects as well, but as far as they were concerned I am afraid that I always proved a horrible duffer, and it may have been because he was not enthusiastic about these subjects; but when it came to English literature, he ceased somehow to be a teacher, for he became an enthusiast.

It is not easy to impress boys with the beauty of poetry, but he managed to do it, at least in the case of some of us.

On looking back over my school days, it is he who stands out as my best friend. I learned a lot from him because I liked him, and although he never seemed to talk of subjects outside those with which he was immediately concerned, he managed, as much by his life as by anything he said, to give us lessons that were more important than English grammar.

I know that he did a good deal in the moulding of my own character.

I believe that he is still working at the same old School, working in the same way, with just the thanks from the boys he teaches, but if he happens to read these lines, it may gratify him to know that at least one whom he taught is extremely grateful to him.

SHARES.

To meet the convenience of those readers desirous of taking up shares in THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., I again print on the second page of the cover an application form. Applications should be addressed to our business offices, 19, 21 and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Editorial communications should be sent to me at the address below.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London

E "ART STUDENT" TYPE.

ANDID CRITICISM OF THE MAN AND THE WOMAN.

ery profession, vocation, trade, call it you will, has its individual type; and gratifying to think that, in the majority ses, the types are pleasant ones. But it e of the drawbacks of the so-called or artistic professions that they are to produce freakish and distinctly dis- ful types.

stage, which at one time generated st of long-haired and long fur-coated bipeds with a partiality for Homburg is happily becoming infected with a aner spirit. The actor, nowadays, is nly the minority of cases different in ance from any other type of man. home-bred musician, too, is falling into although the foreign element still clings to a certain exuberance of hair.

however, with a big A, by which I the narrower signification of painting, ing, and sculpture, is as prolific as ever ting a particular type of man and student on a suffering community. erybody has met them at some time or They call themselves "art students," h, in their case, means that they are er "students" in the real sense of the nor are they artists or artistic.

am not saying a word against the emin- deserving man or woman who takes up s a profession and makes up his or her to succeed. These are real workers, apart from their work, are in no wise rent in ideas or appearance from any clean-living and cultured men and

turn up at their art classes, do their quietly and thoroughly, and then go to rest and recuperate for more work morrow.

is with the sexless beings, some in and some in skirts, who talk mouth- of themselves as "art students" that I ealing. The men are effeminate and the en feebly masculine. They affect a spuri- Bohemianism, and reconcile a tendency to erse on prurient subjects with their con- es by means of the excuse that they discussing them "as art."

tched creatures are to be found s in the Chelsea and South Kensington cts. They practically all enjoy private s; and this is lucky, for if they had to st on art for a livelihood they would be ully skinny on the proceeds.

studio is to them a sort of mixed social where they can foregather, produce weird ions in grotesque hues, and compare notes he criticisms that have been dealt out on by "Old So-and-so," as these merry rians are wont to describe the R.A. who s himself, for a consideration, to be bored dically by a cursory inspection of their rpieces.

he "art student" is generally a being, d fairly well on in years, who wants ew of them can even draw They take up art, at far too ny good, in the same spirit a great many women go fortuitous acquaintanceships bers of the other sex.

would not matter so much if they were oderately healthy-minded. But they ot. They are not thorough in anything. have not even the courage to be openly whole-heartedly vicious. The men do drink to excess, though they may pretend The women undermine their constitutions a staple diet of milk and stale buns; they all of them simply slough together here of stagnant prurience.

M. GAYLER.

THE RISING GENERATION.

"Well, my son," said the Major, endeavouring to be nice and polite and chummy to the newly-joined subaltern, "I suppose it's the old, old story, don't you know—the fool of the family sent to join the Army—what?"

"Oh no, sir," said the newly-joined subaltern. "Things have quite altered since your day."

And the Major thereupon decided to revise his ideas as to cordiality.

INSULT.

"It's beastly!" she said.

"What is?" he asked.

"The way men look at one," she said. "That man looked at me in a most insulting manner."

"I wish I'd seen him doing it," he said, clenching his fists gallantly. "Do you mean that he stared at you?"

"Oh no," she said. "He just looked at me once, and then turned his eyes away as if I were not worth noticing at all."

RAPID GROWTH.

"He's a nice little chap," said the sporting young uncle, as he tickled his sister's latest arrival under the chin. "How much does he weigh?"

"I'm not quite certain," said his much married sister. "I haven't had him weighed since this morning."

RETURN HOPELESS.

The little boy was weeping when the good Samaritan came up to him with words of comfort.

"Little boy," said the good Samaritan, "why are you crying?"

"Because Jimmy's taken all my marbles," said the little boy."

"Well, I'm sure Jimmy is a nice little boy," said the good Samaritan, "and he'll give you all your marbles back again."

"No, he can't," said the little boy, "because I know he's swallowed two of them already."

NO OTHERS.

"How many people are you inviting to our garden party?" he asked her.

"Just as many as haven't yet seen our new hammocks, and the new seat we have had fixed under the pergola," she replied.

NOTE TO ANGLERS.

"Do fish make brains?" asked the little boy.

He had been reading about the value of phosphorus and things.

"I'm not quite sure," said his father, wearily, "but," remembering some of the tales his angling friends had told him, "I'm quite sure that they make liars."

THAT GOOD TIME.

SOMETHING THAT MOST MEN ARE LOOKING FOR NOW.

"I hope you'll have a good time; so-long, old fellow."

Not a Friday or a Saturday comes round without this farewell wish being expressed to somebody who is hanging up his office coat for the last time for a fortnight or three weeks, and who is off to the sea, the country, or the foreign resort.

We say it to each other without much feeling, or at any rate without much show of feeling; and the man to whom the words are addressed walks out without any apparent excitement rending him. Inwardly he may be working like a fifty horse-power motor.

Each step he takes from the office door-step some weight drops off him, until by the time he has reached his diggings he has shaken off all his business loads and feels that he can breathe.

The world is his for many days. He has taken his wages; he may even have his holiday wages in advance; and there is nothing in the world to cause him uneasiness.

This man, who is at last beginning his holidays, has probably spent many a thoughtful hour in making his plans. He has desired above all to have "a good time."

He looks back on past holidays and admits to himself that though they were pleasant, full of incident, not perhaps without even their romance and sentiment, they were nevertheless transient in their effect.

How can he, then, make certain, or more certain than usual, that the end of the time will find him with great possessions in the matter of memories and experiences?

What, in my experience, is his fatal mistake is that he tries to make too sure of everything before he starts.

By taking thought for the two or three weeks in advance a man is bound, by the very character of human nature, to omit to make allowances for the real holiday portion of his free time.

Every plan he makes is a chain to bind him. In keeping to his plans his mind is apt to run too much on time tables, trains, and the clock.

Waking one morning at eight o'clock with the knowledge that at twelve a train starts for some place he means to visit, his mind will never be at rest until twelve o'clock arrives. He will pitch four hours away in contemplating his journey.

The unconscious enjoyment of the living moment is not for such a man. This unplanned living for the moment is the sort of holiday that puts sweet recollections into a man's memory.

It is not the time-table tour that one remembers with pleasure. Rather is it the simplest and most unpremeditated enterprises, great and small, that make up a holiday worth having.

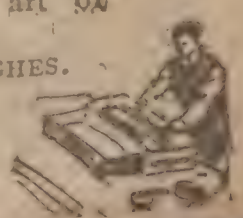
The weeks lived according to the feeling and whim of the moment are much more likely to afford pleasure than the holiday set out like a menu and conscientiously worked through to the bitter end.

By this method a man goes back to work with memories of what he did rather than with the feelings he felt and the impressions he enjoyed and the idleness he revelled in.

It is the go-as-you-please holiday that is always the most successful one.

For this same reason walking tours and cycling tours—occasions when it really does not matter a brass farthing where one goes or when one gets there—are among the finest holidays. And at the same time they are the least popular. We are losing the art of taking even our holidays easily.

D. HUGHES.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

This week I propose to deal entirely with the muscles of the abdomen and the best means of developing them.

These muscles are often neglected but are among the most important in the whole body. They are especially important to the weight-lifter and to the boxer, for it is these which protect the internal organs from injury by a blow.

The muscles to the development of which the following exercises are specially devoted are the rectus abdominis, the external oblique, and the pyramidalis abdominis.

The starting position.

The former comprises the large muscles of the stomach in front. These are developed by every bending exercise, and are the muscles which raise the body from a recumbent to a sitting posture.

The external oblique muscles are the muscles on either side which extend to just above the hip and enable the body to bend from side to side.

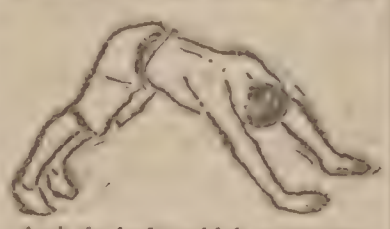
The pyramidalis abdominis is the small lower muscle of the abdomen.

These muscles should be especially exercised by those who suffer from indigestion. Muscular development of the abdomen will greatly aid careful attention to diet in curing any digestive troubles.

The exercises that are most beneficial to the abdominal muscles are, with very few exceptions, simple ones which require no sort of appliance or paraphernalia. In some cases dumb-bells can be used with advantage, but in no case are they essential.

An exercise which is most useful is that of which the starting position is illustrated above. Sit on the floor with the legs extended in front of you and the feet together. Place the hands on the floor a little distance behind the body, and with the fingers pointing backwards.

Now raise the body slowly until it is supported only on the feet and hands, with the feet flat on the floor and the knees bent so as to allow the body to be arched as much as possible.

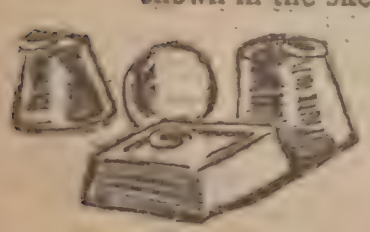


Arch the body as high as you can.

Remain in this position for a few seconds and then sink slowly to the starting position.

In addition to the abdominal muscles, this exercise will help to develop the muscles of the shoulders and upper arms.

Next try the converse of this exercise. Lie on your face on the floor with the hands below the shoulders and the toes together. Raise the upper part of the body until the arms are straight, and then arch the body until it assumes the position shown in the sketch.



Pause a moment in this position, trying all the time to force the centre of the body still higher, and then sink to the starting position and repeat.

These two exercises should be practised together, night and morning, for a week or two, and each repeated about a dozen times.

The next exercise of which I give an illustration is one of the finest, and at the same time the simplest, physical culture exercises in existence. Its benefits are concentrated on the muscles with which we are dealing.

Lie at full length on your back on a bed or on the floor, and place the clasped hands under the head.

Extend the feet so as to be as nearly as possible in line with the legs and tense the leg muscles.

Now raise the legs slowly and together, keeping them absolutely stiff and straight. Let the movement be continuous, and do not check it when the legs reach the perpendicular, but carry them right over as far as you can.

An abdominal exercise that has no equal.

The greatest strain comes just before the perpendicular is reached, and there is a natural tendency to start the movement quickly so as to get past this point, as it were, with a swing.

But if this is done, much of the benefit of the exercise will be lost. The strain on the abdominal muscles must be an even one, and must not be put on in jerks.

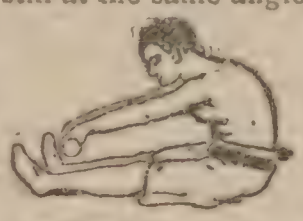
A variation of this exercise is to lie with the back of the head resting on the bed or floor and the arms extended palms upwards beyond the head. By this means the effects of the exercise are spread over a larger area.

For the fourth exercise illustrated, dumb-bells should be used if available. Failing these, a walking-stick should be gripped in the hands.

Lie on your back on the floor and extend the arms above the chest.

Now bend the body from the waist, so as to raise the trunk slowly to a sitting posture.

Keep the arms extended still at the same angle, and when the body is perpendicular continue the movement until you assume the position shown in the sketch.



A walking-stick can replace the dumb-bells.

The exercise has something in common with the rowing swing forward, but the legs remain stationary, and whereas in this case everything depends on the abdominal muscles, in rowing they should be relied on as little as possible.

Practically the same exercise can usefully be performed standing. Start from an erect position with the arms held out in front of you, and bend forward and down until the hands are almost touching the feet.

Another excellent abdominal exercise is the following: Sit sideways on a chair, that is, with back of the chair on your right or left. Place the hands easily over the thighs, and lean slowly backwards, extending the legs and raising them from the floor, only so far as is necessary to preserve the balance.

Get both the head and the feet as far below the level of the seat of the chair as you can.

So far the back muscles have been chiefly exercised, but now comes the most important part of the exercise.

Raise the body slowly up to the sitting position without moving the hands or touching the back of the chair. This is quite difficult at first and can only be done by the exertion of the will and the abdominal muscles.

The temptation will be to get a leverage by means of a swing of the legs, but it will be seen that this destroys the usefulness of the exercise.

In conclusion, I may mention an interesting form of parlour trick which is a very fine test of a man's abdominal muscles.

Get three chairs, of which the centre one, at least, should be a light one, and place them in a row. Then lie down across the three and get someone to place the two outside ones so that the back of your head just rests on one and your heels on the other.

The problem is to take hold of the centre chair, lift it over your body, and replace it again with the back on the other side of you.

It is obvious that this can only be done by a man with a fairly strong neck and good abdominal muscles, for the entire weight of the body (to say nothing of the chair) must be temporarily supported on the back of the head and the heels.

GAMES AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

One often hears a man say in effect, what need have I of physical exercises? I play games regularly all the year round and take all the exercise I can. Physical exercises are all very well for the man who never plays a game, but they are too dull for me."

But he is wrong. In all probability his playing of games is restricted to Saturday afternoons and occasional summer evenings. Week-end sport is an excellent thing but it cannot take the place altogether of physical culture.

The great majority of men cannot spare the time to play games anything but spasmodically. No doubt if they played them regularly they would become almost as tedious as physical exercises are apt to be.

Moreover, most games affect the muscles in a one-sided way and develop only one particular set of muscles, while the aim and object of properly regulated exercises should be to develop all the muscles equally and symmetrically.

The ideal is, of course, to combine physical exercises at home with field sports and games whenever these are possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"MEMBER" (Birmingham).—As you say, your weight and chest measurements are considerably below the normal for your age and height, but you will fill out a lot yet. Your weight would naturally be reduced by your recent illness. By all means join an athletic club, but at the same time go in for a regular course of physical culture. See the paragraph above.

F. V. C. (Weston-super-Mare).—Try a hot fomentation, as hot as you can bear it.

R. L. (Weymouth).—Fencing is an excellent form of exercise, and will be most useful in improving your carriage. I fail to see anything else about it.

W. R. M. (Durham).—Sorry I cannot advise you. It sounds like a case for the doctor.

J. C. (Newbury).—Sugar is the last thing you should give up in training. It is essential to the making of muscular energy.

D. J. R. (Glasgow).—See answer to "W. R. M."

F. F. (Ashford).—Once a day is better than not at all. It is regularity that counts.

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A HOLIDAY IN BROADLAND

THE ATTRACTIONS OF A CRUISE IN A WHERRY.

The man who elects to abandon, for once, the stereotyped seaside holiday, and have a fortnight or so of "water-gipsy" life in a wherry on the Norfolk Broads, can safely rely on not regretting his decision for one moment.

But it should be made clear at the outset that he will not be able to enjoy such a [illegible] he can band together eight or [illegible] would-be gipsies that is if he is [illegible] with money. Consequently, [illegible] this article for men who, [illegible] great majority of us have to make [illegible] of moderate means, I will take it [illegible] that the leader of the Broadland [illegible] whipped in the requisite number [illegible] spirits to bring the total expenses [illegible] the reach of the common exchequer.

[illegible] wherries answering to the description of the "Thurry" are to be found only in Norfolk—and remarkably comfortable they are. Clinker-built, they range from 15 to 60 tons burthen. The deck, or "quanting path" runs right round the wherry, which has no bulwarks, and the foredeck is of convenient size for lounging about. The hatches are raised some three feet or more above the deck-line; and are glazed all round, allowing of plenty of light; and the saloon accommodation comprises berths for eight passengers. But shakedowns can easily be arranged on the floor for another two. In the men's cabin aft there are two bunks, for you can hardly ever hire a wherry without taking two men to navigate the craft and look after it generally.

Even if the party includes one or two skilled navigators, it is advisable to take at least one local man with you, for apart from his usefulness in helping to manage the craft, it is by no means difficult for the stranger to lose his way on the Broads.

NOT EXPENSIVE.

Quite a commodious wherry can be had, including the men, a dinghy, and everything requisite for a cruising holiday (food and drink, of course, excepted) for £8 per week: and this sum divided between eight or ten men works out at a very moderate figure. The two men, of course, have to be fed as well.

First of all, before starting, a treasurer should be elected; also one of your party should take upon himself the business of the commissariat. He should calculate the cost of edibles for the week or the fortnight or whatever it is that you intend to be away, and he should be entrusted by the treasurer with the requisite sum from the common fund. Calculating the cost of feeding at 7s. 6d. a week per head; and estimating the entire party at ten men, a week's food bill ought not to be more than £3 15s. A large number can live far more cheaply than one man, as most campers know; and Broadland offers exceptional opportunities of replenishing your larder with rod and gun.

Cooking utensils, plate and linen, you will not need, for these are furnished with the wherry, without extra charge.

GO WELL SUPPLIED.

A word to the smoker here. Take a plentiful supply of your favourite tobacco with you; for it is on the cards that you will not be able to obtain it in the sleepy Broadland villages. The writer remembers with sorrow how once he neglected to do this; and how for a day or two he had to subsist on strong red shag, the only tobacco that was easily obtainable.

A wherry cruise charms by reason of its infinite variety. Close to the mouth of the main river, you will experience almost sea-going conditions. Strong tides, leaping waves, and powerful head winds will call forth all the navigating skill of your two paid "mariners"; and a chilly breeze will either make you wrap up warmly or seek the cosy cabin for the enjoyment of nicotine.

Another afternoon, in stinging heat, you will be drifting idly along a secluded broad, smoking in happy laziness; or, perhaps—let us whisper it—you may take out the dinghy: and, by dint of bribes, become initiated in the many ingenious poaching devices which only the Broadland men know.

J. G. CARMILL.

ARE YOU A MEMBER?

[illegible] of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. [illegible] subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. [illegible], with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing [illegible] men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world. [illegible] wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in [illegible], gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members [illegible] part of the country you happen to be.

[illegible] League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be [illegible] by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, [illegible] the following forms:—

[illegible] hands (made up [illegible]table) 1s. 4½d., post free	Wide-ended silk ties ..... 2s. 5½d., post free
[illegible] bow ties 1s. 5½d., " "	Silk mufflers ... 4s. 11d. " "

[illegible] badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following

[illegible]ted tie-pin ..... 6d.	Solid silver tie-pin ..... 1s.
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[illegible]ed pendant for watch-chain ..... 6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain..... 1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

[illegible] up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose [illegible] a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter [illegible] Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, [illegible]. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of [illegible].

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Cut out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. Actual Size.

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We supply Engagement, Wedding, Keeper, Twist, Snake, and Signet Rings on Credit. For 30s. Ring, send 2s. 6d. with size, pay 7s. 6d. on delivery, and 5s. monthly. 2s. in the £ Cash Discount. Ring Booklet (243 Designs) Post Free. Foreign Correspondence invited.

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Masters' Secret Panel Ring. Solid Gold, Diamond Centre. Any wording engraved inside panel free, 30/-.
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No. 9,865. 9ct. Gold, 14/-. 18ct. Gold, 30/-.
No 30. 18ct. Gold, Diamond, & 2 Rubies, 30/-.
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No. 777. 18ct. Gold, large Diamond, 90/-.
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No. 5,667. Solid 9ct. Gold, 8/-. 18ct. Gold, 21/-.
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No. 9,818. Solid Gold, any initials engraved free, 30/-
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No. 954. Solid 9ct. Gold, 19/-. 18ct. Gold, 45/-.
No. 959. Solid 9ct. Gold, 22/-. 18ct. Gold, 55/-.

J. N. MASTERS, Ltd., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENGLAND.

TENNIS TYPES

POINTED CRITICISMS OF MEN WHEN THEY HAVE RACQUETS IN THEIR HANDS.

There is the "crack" with his thirty-shilling racquet, and his long white flannel coat, and there is the suburban garden or suburban park duffer in baggy grey flannel trousers, collarless, everyday shirt, and a healthy perspiration.

Between these extremes lie all manner of players, good, bad, indifferent, and, of course, you get some very distinct types among the cracks themselves.

There are a good many undesirables among them, but as THE MODERN MAN has already fully exposed the tennis "shamateur," I do not propose to dilate on this point, beyond endorsing what has been said and deploring the presence of so many shady customers in the public tennis tournament world.

Of course, there are thoroughly good sportsmen in first-class tennis. If I mention Mr. A. W. Gore as one, it is not for the purpose of drawing invidious distinctions between him and other well-known players, but simply as a conspicuous example of a gentleman and a sportsman who, whether as player or member of the Council of the Lawn Tennis Association, has always done all he could to promote the best interests of the game.

CONTRASTS.

Style varies enormously in first-class tennis. You get the steady, base-line play of Mr. Gore in strong contrast with the electric dash and devil of Mr. A. F. Wilding.

You get the straight, honest forehand driving of Mr. S. H. Smith, compared with the tricky swerve and screw shots of the Americans, or the delicate placing of the Dohertys when they were at their best.

I must confess, however, that first-class tennis rather bores me. It is in the tennis of the average player that one finds food for enjoyment and reflection.

First of all, there is the "poacher" who is seen at his best, or rather at his worst, when playing in mixed doubles.

I was watching one of this sort in a public park the other day.

Practically the only chance his partner ever had of hitting the ball was when she was being served to.

THE POACHER.

At all other times this very ill-bred person, no matter whether she had an easy return or not, would dash in front of her and take the return, or rather fail to take it, for he either sent the ball into the net or out of the court nine times out of ten.

It is a characteristic, indeed, of the "poacher" that he is usually a rotten bad player, and, so far from being able to take his partner's shots, generally misses 95 per cent. of his own.

He is an unpleasant bounder, and one wonders what sort of school he was dragged up at.

A far more innocuous type is the local exquisite. He is fearfully and wonderfully arrayed in a very Joseph's coat of a shirt, with which he usually wears a hunting stock, and his well-turned up trousers display about a yard of dazzling sock that fairly splits your eyeballs.

His racquet bears a silver plate, embossed with his crest or monogram.

From his appearance and talk you would expect championship form, but you don't get it. He is what golfers call a "foozler," though, take him by and large, he is not a bad old sort of a silly ass.

I remember with unholy joy laying out one of these exquisites. We were playing with ladies, and a hard smash took him just where the chunk of sandstone caught Abner Dean of Angels, and caused him to lose all interest in the subsequent proceedings.

F——, however, to do him justice, was a gentleman and game. He wanted badly to lie down, and rub the afflicted part, but the presence of ladies restrained him, though his knees were see-sawing, and the racquet almost dropping from his nerveless grasp, he prepared to receive my service.

Most unfortunately, and quite unintentionally, my first serve took him in the same spot. This was too much, and with a hollow groan he sank to the ground and remained there until carried off.

Another amusing incident—at least from my point of view—occurred when I was playing with two ladies and my brother at a private house.

My brother attempted a very complicated shot and then suddenly dropped his racquet and bolted into the gooseberry bushes.

I followed him there and found that in his frantic efforts to return the ball he had split open his trousers.

He went home in a cab and a borrowed overcoat, and kept threatening to half kill me because I kept on giggling at him. As for the girls they were removed in hysterics.

PEOPLE WE ALL KNOW.

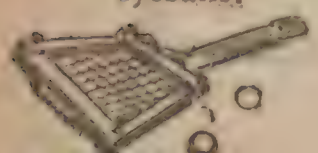
To return to tennis types, there is the demon server, who can hit them no end hard into the net, or the next garden but one.

Lawn tennis seems to have an irresistible fascination for short, podgy men in gold-rimmed spectacles and brilliant sashes.

There are the serious men with whom the game is almost a religion, and there are the choleric men to whom it appears to be a strong incentive to half-suppressed profanity.

And, although not so numerous as she used to be, there is still the frivolous, fashionable damsel who comes to play tennis in a hobble skirt and high-heeled shoes.

H. W. FISHER.



BARNACLES.

UNWANTED MEN WHO MANAGE TO STICK.

Despite this hurrying age, and the prevalen
of the "too-old-at-forty" idea, Mr. Tite Barnac
of the Circumlocution Office (see your "Lit
Dorrit"), still exists.

Of course, you find him chiefly in Governme
offices, where a man has only to avoid doing an
thing outrageous, sit tight, and wait for dead me
shoes to reach a handsome salary, and a very g
pension at the end of it all.

But you find Barnacles elsewhere, and I kn
of one in a newspaper office, of all places.

At least this is really extraordinary, because th
particular Barnacle is no relative of the proprie
Nor is he even a friend. On the contrary
proprietor hates him with a deadly hatre
periodically issues instructions that Barnacle
be sacked, and never to show his face in the
again.

But, bless you, Barnacle doesn't mind. H
takes two or three days' holiday, and then
back to the office? Most of the other men
like him, if they laugh at him; and so when
proprietor is on the rampage, Barnacle retires
the basement and lies low.

Sometimes, however, despite all precautions
Barnacle runs into the proprietor on the stairs
Sometimes there is trouble, but frequently Barnacle
escapes. The proprietor is a very busy man, and
employs many subordinates. Moreover, he is very
short-sighted, and often he will pass Barnacle
without noticing him.

When he does happen to see him, Barnacle's
face may strike him as oddly familiar, and he may
dimly remember him. But he reminds himself
that he sacked Barnacle long ago, and so it can
be Barnacle but some new man rather like him.

Occasionally, however, the proprietor recognises
Barnacle and then the fur flies. What the
is he doing in the office? Wasn't he dismissed
five years ago and told never to come near the
place again?

Barnacle ingeniously explains that he
think the proprietor really meant it; old
of the firm, and so on. Sometimes the
laughs and passes on. Other whiles he
purple and with rolling thunders and
lightnings "fires" Barnacle on the spot,
sonally sees him off the premises. But in a
or two Barnacle is back again, creeping
the stairs.

It is eighteen years since Barnacle was
definitely sacked, but unless his health gives
—and Barnacles always live long—he will be
there eighteen years hence.

Barnacle, in his way, is very much like the old
family servant who is continually either given
notice or receiving it, but never goes. He or
however, has become a rarity, and I daresay many
people would nowadays be only too glad to put
up with the domineering, crotchety ways of the
old family retainer.

Pensioners and life annuitants are given
nacles. Mr. Lloyd George is likely to
Old Age Pensions ever so much more
he expected, for, as any Government
official will tell you, pensioners live much
than other people, even than those who
their investments. However, don't let us
the old people an extra lease of life.

There is not much room for sentiment
City, but even to-day you may find
like clerks there, old, old men who have
their day and usefulness.

It would be murder to discharge them
they are allowed to cling limpet-like to the
which is often a sinking one for want of
hands.

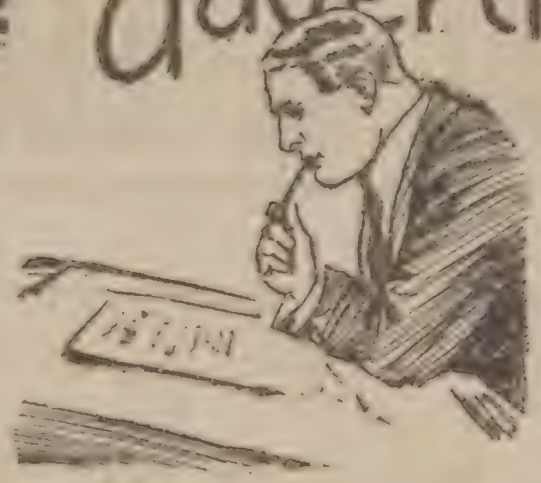
After all, barnacles, outside Government offices
have their uses. They are usually reliable and
trustworthy, and even a business man may become
accustomed to a familiar face, and would be sorry
to miss it.

W.

The New Advertising

MY EXPERIENCES OF IT.

By MAX MAY.



In these days of advanced literature, the ancient characters of fiction are prone to obtrude rather on one's mind. The tiresome Don Q. with his flattery to ladies and his plotting purloining methods with the gentlemen, the wily Gideon Kettle with his awful lies, the wretched Raffles and his amateur cracksmanship—all these are built up upon a foundation of lies. They are commercially useless. They sell no soap, they advertise no pills. They do nothing to benefit mankind. They merely make their authors rich and conceited.

This is not so, however, with the pretty little romance that ends up with the couple's honeymoon being made complete by their connection with Messrs. Pqrftnx and Qrgglon (limited liability proof) the Jew firm of hire-purchase tailors. Encouraged by its success, I was induced to send to Messrs. Zqvwnp, the well-known vendors of Coffin-nail ciggrettes:

THE SMOKER'S PROGRESS.

As a boy I was always treated very well by those who watched over me. My father was a very tolerant man, and when I had reached the age of ten he said to me:

"Jack, my son, you are, of course, a man now, and you would, therefore, like to start smoking."

I must admit that I was agreeably surprised to hear such wisdom fall from the lips of a parent, whom I had always found in contact a man of somewhat distorted views as to what was the correct way of bringing up a budding young man.

I had not yet smoked my first cigarette, a goodly portion of the enjoyment of all forbidden fruit, I knew, marred because my fathers had some timeworn prejudice against smoking. Those fathers said that it stunted their growth and refused to see the force of their sons' argument that even if it did their clothes in the future would fit them less.

Ignorant of the fact that they were little men, they did not go so far as openly to encourage these old-fashioned parental prejudices, but they always selected obscure barns in hedgerows in which to indulge in the pernicious habit of all mankind. Afterwards they had to suck peppermints in order that their mothers might not notice that they were on a par of a piece to their fathers. They felt it to be their duty to ensure the stability of the English-home—their most cherished possession—his home.

Ah, them, my joy when my father's words reminded me of the fact that there was such a thing as self-denial. As far as I was concerned the loathsome peppermint drop continue to stick to its kind in the big bottle at the village confectioner's.

I felt the *toga virilis* fall on my shoulders when my father gravely handed to me a cigarette, nicely gold-lettered and wonderful to look upon.

"Have a light," he said.

His words embodied my charter of manhood. I felt sorry for the little chaps who had not a father like mine.

It was a big, fat, expensive cigarette—the tobacco dark, and the paper gold-tipped. There were no half measures about it, I reflected. . . . After a few moments I confided to my father that, in my opinion, all the talk about smoking cigarettes was mere twaddling the smoke and

I waved the cigarette about, don't-care fashion, in the air.

"Nonsense," said my father. "No man wastes a cigarette like that."

Wherefore I resumed, but I found after a brief space that I was cured of all desire to do anything but watch the pictures on the walls merging one into the other. They became like unto the nebulous colour-smudges on a man's brain after his visit to a post-impressionist gallery.

Now, it was not until I was a man grown that I essayed smoking again. And it is since that time that I have recognised that a father's gifts are good gifts. Mine gave me an antipathy to expensive cigarettes. I have, moreover, a secret idea that he kept those big, fat abominations for callers whom he did not want to see again. Anyway, when he wished for a smoke himself he always drew a little pale green package from his vest pocket and from it he took a neat cigarette at which he would puff luxuriously.

Often there echoes in my brain the solemn tone of the advice he gave me on the day succeeding my first attempt at smoking.

"My boy," said he, "you are not yet old enough to smoke, and I have selected the very best way of demonstrating it to you. But remember that when you come to man's estate, you need never pay an exorbitant price for your cigarettes. There is no finer brand on the market than those that I smoke now. They are the cigarette of the young man, the wise father, and the venerable grandfather."

I took the packet he handed me for my inspection. In amber letters on the pale green was inscribed the legend "Coffin-nail cigarettes one penny for six. Refuse all cheap and inferior imitations."

It is because I remember my father's advice that to-day I enjoy the best cigarette in England at the price of one penny for six.

* * * * * * *

Annoyed because Messrs. Zqvwnp sent it back without as much as a packet of "Coffin-nails" as a consolation prize, I went in for machinations—a favourite pastime for all the best Drury Lane villains. Out of my seething brain I evolved, for the benefit of the Anti-smoking and Juvenile Joy League, the following:

THE SMOKER'S DOOM.

He was nothing but a poor little mite of animated humanity, known to the police as "Henry Fitzgibbons," the Curbstone Genius, and on a lead he held a bedraggled fox-terrier, which answered to the name of "Spot."

Being small enough to squeeze between draught-proof cracks of the pit entrance door he had often enough heard the alleged masters of mirth singing the witless songs that convulsed the easily pleased London audience.

In addition to this he possessed the gift of mimicry, and remembering, doubtless, that old adage which says that one fool makes sport for many, he used his gift to amuse the jaded intellects of those who waited in long queues outside the pit door for hours and hours and hours. It will be noticed that the Curbstone Genius and his little dog were smart enough to ensure themselves of an audience, which is the first necessity to the display of talent.

He did a brisk trade, and frequently enough someone would give him a penny after only three hours and forty minutes work!

What did Henry FitzGibbons do with this money? Did he rush home and take it to his sorrowing mother who, on his own admission, was always either starving or down with some fell disease? No. He flew off to an adjacent tobacco-shop (that store of iniquity), and planking down the penny displayed the depths to which he had sunk by declaiming, "Packet o' Coffin-nails please—and none of your old stock neither!"

Think, dear reader, think of that example of depravity—one of thousands in the streets of the metropolis to-day. And as you think attempt to remember how much odd gold you have in your pocket. Then make up your mind to convert it into a Post Office money order drawn in favour of the Secretary of the Anti-smoking and Juvenile Joy League, Self-Help Court, E.C. Any policeman will direct you to the nearest post office.

* * * * * * *

The above little thing of mine evidently appealed to the Secretary of the League, for only this morning he sent me the following letter:

"Dear sir, thank you for the touching little tract you have sent for my perusal. On making inquiry I find that it can be printed in leaflet form, handy shaving-paper size, at 15s. per thousand. We shall be pleased to print as many as you care to pay for.—Yours, &c."

IMPROVING YOUR GAMES AT HOME.

HOW YOU CAN DO SO IN YOUR OWN ROOM.

The keen golfer who wants to keep his stance, his putting, etc., up to concert pitch, despite enforced absence from the links, can do so in his own room thus:

Clear the room of breakable objects as far as possible, roll the table and sofa to one side, so as to leave a clear space, and put down a rolled up piece of paper on the carpet for a ball.

Swing at this with your driver, and if you hit it fairly, mark the position of your feet with chalk.

Your stance is all right. Practise it every day. If you don't hit the "pill," try again, to see whether the fault is with your stance or the way you are holding your club. And "when found," as Captain Cuttle says, "make a note on."

Putting can be practised in the same way, care being taken to keep the ball along a straight line chalked from it to the imaginary hole.

A batsman can practise his pet department of cricket by suspending an old practice-ball from the ceiling, and playing it backwards and forwards, from whatever direction it may come. If you mishit it, it will very likely come back with an almost incredible amount of spin and swerve on it.

Talking of spin reminds me that a prominent county bowler declares that he keeps his finger spin going by tossing a ball against the wall and noticing the amount of twirl he gets on it with his fingers. The hint is well worth following.

The boxer cannot do better than indulge in daily bouts of shadow-sparring. If you haven't got one, beg, borrow or buy a long mirror or pier-glass, and keep on sparring at yourself, leading, getting back, swinging, ducking, and so on until you are tired. Ten minutes a day is enough to make you very quick.

The same sort of tactics can be followed out with advantage in almost any game. Your weak points can be put right if you attack them scientifically.

G. FICKLING.

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This Coupon Points the Way to Fortune.

To the Secretary,
The National Share Exchange, 6t, Winchester Street, London, E.C.

Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "The Modern System of Money-Making," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away to clients £506,460.

M.M. 8/7/11.

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(State whether Rev., Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title.)

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Date _____ _____
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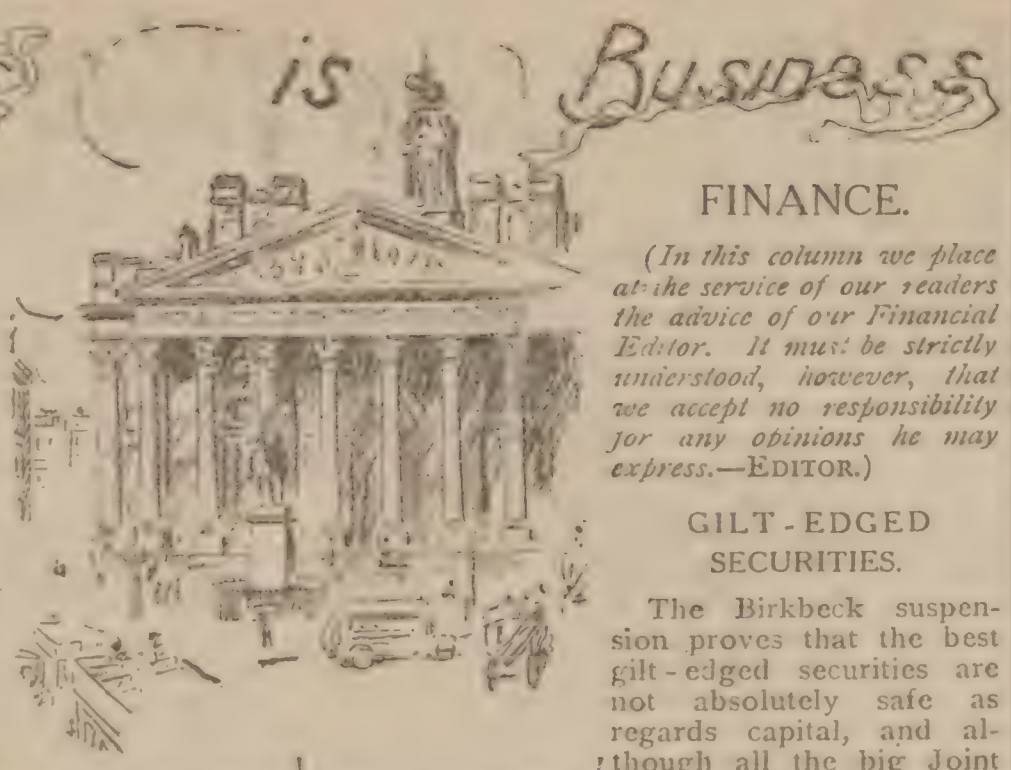

...NEGATIVE PEOPLE.

...ns is the best name I ...give them, although ...description may not ...ery explicit until I ...e my meaning more ...

...refer to the people ...act all the time as a ...of brake upon the ...ess man. Instead of ...ing him forward they ...him back.

...are of all kinds, ...ll stations, and of all ...ges of importance. ...here is the wealthy ...friend of the family, who has made ...ortune out of soap-boiling, or some-...g else, and who, immediately he hears ...a young man contemplates starting ...usiness, says "Don't." That sort of ...ness is too risky, the field is overcrowded, ...inferentially, you don't possess quite ...gh talent for the job.

...you ask him what he would suggest as ...etter course to adopt, he says that must ...eft to you, and that he would not accept ...responsibility of giving you advice. His ...cisms are never helpful.

...mp to the other end of the scale, you ...e office boy whose very "Good ..., sir!" is a sort of challenge. ...akes your orders with obviously re-...deference, which is the grossest inso-...! the time he gives you to under-... he is as good a man as you are, ...

...you sack him, for this is an easy ...do in the case of an office boy, but ...impossible to get rid so easily of all ...other people who are negative and who ...you back from progress.

...the other hand, it is pleasant to know ...by careful selection you have gathered ...at you helpers who, far from being nega-...are positively stimulating in their quiet ...usiasm.

...our ... are their interests. If you ... ... they understand that you do ... willingly, but of necessity, and ... on in your business you find not ... benefit of their enthusiastic support ... point of view of work, but also the ... strengthening effect of their sym-... support of your efforts.

... do not do their day's work ... salary only. They draw their salary ... of the week as a matter of course, ... not afford to work for nothing, ... the moment of the payment of ... matter of money does not ... their thoughts. Their work is part ... life, and they are happy in it.

...ion this by way of contrast with the ... who are negative.

... are working with people who are ... utmost to help you, and where ... of a number all pulling the ... you get ahead much quicker and ... pleasantly than when you are ... people between whom and your-... is always a tacit sort of challenge. ... one case you know that your success ... be as welcome to those working with ... as to yourself, and in the other case you ... that the people who may be described ... will receive no pleasure from your ... it would be happy to learn of your

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

GILT-EDGED SECURITIES.

The Birkbeck suspension proves that the best gilt-edged securities are not absolutely safe as regards capital, and although all the big Joint Stock banks have weathered the heavy fall in prices by writing down accordingly, the outlook would be extremely bad in the event of Britain being mixed up in a European war.

Fifteen to twenty years ago there was not the slightest difficulty in selling one million Consols for cash without affecting the price; now it would be impossible, and in the deplorable event of Britain being engaged in war, say with Germany, Consols would be absolutely unsaleable, and it would only be a question of patriotism that would enable the Government to raise the necessary funds to carry on the fight.

HOME RAILS.

These still continue to show substantial weekly increases over last year, and dividends will show increases in nearly every instance.

The directors of the District are improving the service in every possible way, and the day is not far distant when dividends will be paid on the Ordinary Stock.

The electrification scheme of the East London Railway may be announced any day, and the price of the Consolidated Stock ought to rise considerably on the statement.

The South Eastern has done an immense trade in foreign visitors for the Coronation, and the returns will benefit accordingly. This and the Kent coal prospects ought to help the price of the Stock.

MEXICAN RAILS.

Mexican Rail stocks have risen considerably from the worst, and all sound Mexican concerns ought to go much better now, as the Mexican Government is paying all claims for damage caused by either the Federal or Rebel soldiers.

RUBBER AND OIL.

These shares still lack vim, but I am looking forward to substantial improvement in prices in these markets in the near future.

Buyers run very little risk of loss by capital depreciation at present prices.

MINES.

Mining markets show no change and should be left alone, except in very special instances.

Camp Bird shares are cheap round about 32s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. D. (Ascot).—I do not like your selection, there is no free market in either; and, although perhaps intrinsically good, you would have great difficulty in realising.

O. D. (Reading).—There is no liability on East London Railway Stock.

H. S. (Dublin).—Nos. 1, 2 and 5 are all right; 3 is very speculative; and 4 ought not to be touched at any price.

T. L. (Southampton).—No.

J. C. (Hastings).—1. I do not think you have anything to fear as regards the future of the shares you hold. 2. The Board is a very strong one.

T. B. (York).—The Government stamp duty on share transfers is at the rate of 10s. per cent.

G. A. (Aberdeen).—You will have due notice from the company as to the date of Annual Meeting. It is not yet fixed.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

THE TIER OF FLIES.

A SPORTING CHARACTER.

A cobbler he is by trade, and a jolly good cobbler, too, but his heart is in sport, and above all things fishing, and he is pre-eminent as a tier of flies.

In his little den are boxes of feathers plucked from pheasant, starling, guinea fowl, partridge, goose, grouse, barndoor rooster, blue jay, kingfisher, and eke the humble sparrow.

There are boxes, too, full of all manner and colour of silks, satins, worsted, and wools. Tinsel is there, and a hare's lug (ear), and a piece of rabbit skin.

There are quills, and wax, and twine and thread. All is fish that comes to his fly-tying net.

If you are a friend of his he will tie a fly for you, but it is his hobby and not his living. Offer him payment and he will probably order you out of his shop. A pipeful of 'baccy, however, will be courteously and gratefully accepted, for he is a great smoker.

It is marvellous to see him tie a fly. No fly-tier's vice for him. His vice is the horny thumb and finger of his left hand, and though his hands are huge it is with the touch of a great violinist that he whips on gut, body, legs, tinsel ribs, hackle, and wings.

What he does not know about catching the sea and the brown trout in the adjacent Lossie River truly is not worth knowing.

Always shall I cherish the kindliest memories of the old Elgin cobbler who first taught my blundering fingers to produce a fairly good imitation of a Jock Scott, or the more modest March Brown.

J. WEST.

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AN ADVENTURE IN THE CAREER OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

HOW FERRIS STOLE THE GOLD CUP

By E. WADE LANG.

"I have always had a belief that Margaret Canterfrith suspected something of our secret in the days when the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., and I his secretary, moved in the best circles of London society, honoured and respected by all, and to all intents and purposes possessed of habits and tastes open to the scrutiny of the whole world.

That night when she and I sat out a dance at Lady Vendermore's, and had our one long intimate talk together, comes back vividly to my memory.

She was a slender, deceptively frank girl, with grey eyes which looked at you with an almost disconcerting directness, and I own without any embarrassment that I both liked and feared her immensely.

We sat in a semi-circular recess, visible to the dancers in the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, but secluded for private conversation; and I recognise now that she set about unmercifully pumping me.

By imperceptible degrees she got me to admit that Ferris's manner of debonair light-heartedness was in no way to be taken as expressing a frivolous temperament.

She divined depths in him, she said; saw possibilities of an extraordinary character beneath, perhaps splendid, perhaps base. It was easy to imagine that he might be wonderfully transformed by love . . .

I laughed a little at this.

"If Ferris loved," said I, "he's just the man to take a knife and cut away the roots of it, with a smile of irony on his lips."

She levelled her eyes at me with a quick dilation, and I saw that I had said too much; realised, too that, besides being surfacely startled, she was, in some mysterious feminine way, pleased.

"Did you know," she said softly, after an interval, "that Mr. Ferris had once rendered me a very great service?"

"No," said I, wondering what was coming next.

"Did you not know—has he never spoken to you about the Gillingham Gold Cup?"

My heart missed a beat, and I stared at her in silence.

Ferris had once confessed to me that he alone had been responsible for that astounding and insoluble crime—when, from a guarded tent in the enclosure at Ripley race-course, the Cup had been stolen, no one having entered the tent upon whom the slightest suspicion could fall, and no one, so the police declared, having left it with such a bulky article in his or her possession.

Yet how it had been accomplished Ferris had studiously failed to state.

What on earth, then, did this grey-eyed girl know about his connection with it?

I kept my eyes on hers and answered her as naturally as I could.

"Not that I recollect. I—er—don't quite grasp the allusion."

"You surely remember. It was in all the newspapers:—'Theft of the Gillingham Gold Cup.' You *must* have seen it."

"I was not in England at the time. But," said I with a smile, "you are not suggesting that Ferris was the one who appropriated it?"

"I don't—know," she answered doubtfully, and my counterfeit ease fell plump into the cauldron of alarm. "Sometimes I almost believe he did."

I had a conviction that I must be looking guilty all over.

"I must acquaint him with your dreadful opinion of him," said I, lightly.

"Oh, I've already told him," she returned, "and he denies it. Yet . . . ." For a while she reflected, thinking, with her teeth in her lip.

"Mr. Burke," she continued, impulsively, "shall I tell you a story?"

"If it will please you to do so, I shall be vastly interested to hear it," said I; and I never spoke truer words in my life.

"Well, then—it is absolutely secret, mind—a few years ago I was tepidly, in fact dutifully, in love. It was with Mr. Farmer—horribly prosaic name!—who has the neighbouring estate to ours, and at that time was very thick with my dad.

"He is a man of about forty—one of the jolly sort . . . *you* know . . . who sometimes turn out all right and sometimes—well, turn out beasts. I liked him. I believe I should have married him. Only——"

Again a pause, and I caught her glance travelling to Ferris, at that moment revolving past gracefully in a company of colour and movement.

"He had proposed twice, you understand, and each time I had refused him—with enough of uncertainty to give him encouragement to try again—if he wanted to. You will notice I am unreservedly frank with you, Mr. Burke."

My acknowledgment was a bow and a smile; I am not altogether *gauche* with women.

Nevertheless, I wondered what she was up to.

"I did not know for some time that my father was heavily in his debt. He had been plunging on the Turf . . . and Mr. Farmer had helped him.

"They were excellent good friends, however, and frequently their horses opposed each other in races—running quite 'straight,' I believe. I do not accuse either of dishonesty.

"But," continued the girl, and her anger was evident though controlled, "there are errors of taste as bad as, if not worse than, a crime.

"My father and Mr. Farmer had each entered a horse for the Gillingham Gold Cup, and it was the matter of the keenest dispute between them as to which would win it.

"As the time drew near it became pretty certain that one or the other would do so unless something very unexpected happened.

"And that was how it came about that they made a disgraceful wager.

"If my father won the cup he and Mr. Farmer would cry quits. If Mr. Farmer won he would consent to cry quits just the same—if I married him. And my father swore by all his ancestry that he'd make me agree.

"The odd part of it was," she added, with a laugh to hide her indignation, "father did not see it was a blackguardly arrangement until I pointed it out to him. Then he said it was too late. He was a martinet, you know, and one of the old school who—who look upon their womenkind [illegible] chattels.

"He spoke of his [illegible] of honour as a sportsman reminded me I had [illegible] courage Mr. Farmer and—and said [illegible] several times with wholly unnecessary violence. In addition, there was the crippling [illegible] of his debts."

She became motionless, following a retreating couple with her eyes. I knew her for a girl who would endure a good deal and not flinch.

"It was useless to appeal to mother," she went on; "she only supported dad in his arrangements. So, having no one else to advise me—I confided my difficulty to Mr. Ferris, who had always seemed kind and understanding."

"Yes?" I said.

"He said to me, 'This is a highly interesting situation.'—I did not know whether he was serious or cynical."

I nodded at this.

"Or perhaps shallow?"

I shook my head, again off my guard.

Just then the music ceased, and with a glance at her programme she continued her narrative more rapidly.

"He promised to do something for me. He said the obvious and simple course was to prevent the cup falling into Mr. Farmer's hands, and as an alternative suggested that he had better take it himself.

"I knew he had no horse entered for the race, and it seemed to me he was merely being flippant. I regretted bitterly having told him of my trouble.

"It was not until the day of the race that I saw him again. While I [illegible] was being spread a number of [illegible] the tent where the Cup was exhibited. Mr. Ferris himself took the Cup in his hand and examined it.

"He replaced it on the pedestal and turned to me with the oddest smile imaginable. I thought he was going to say something [illegible] I—I had been feeling inexplicably [illegible] him . . . but he moved away to speak to someone else; and Mr. Farmer came up and we—went out together.

"Only a few minutes afterwards we heard that the Gillingham Gold Cup had disappeared!"

With a start she looked up, and I followed that Ferris was standing before us.

"So," he said, pleasantly, "*that* is what you have been talking about!"

"We were trying to solve the mystery," I said.

"It will never be solved," he assured us gravely. "The ways of Providence are inscrutable."

"Mr. Ferris," she said clearly, and with a directness that ought to have [illegible] him, "you know, as well as I do, that evidence had nothing whatever to do with it."

Ferris remained unmoved.

"Then who or what did?" he asked.

She stood up. She gazed at him [illegible] between the eyes for a few moments. No word did she speak.

Then she turned away her head deliberately and simultaneously a foreign-looking [illegible] made his bow, and she placed her hand on his arm and left us.

"Excellently done," said Ferris. "What Irishman, what in folly's name have you been admitting to that girl?"

"Nothing," said I. "But it's a deuced lot she's guessed."

"What she's guessed she'll never tell," said Ferris, with a cynical laugh. "Come, old chap; I'm bored to death here. Let's get back to the solitude and sanity of the flat."

And that night, with a brevity [illegible] his dislike of the subject, he told me

manner in which he had perpetrated his initial crime.

"It began with a freakish impulse," said he, "linked to a praiseworthy desire to render a helpless girl a service.

"I saw in a flash how the job could be arranged. Ripley races was a meeting I had attended for years, and always, I remembered, the tent for displaying the cups was erected on the same spot.

"It is a secluded place in the intervals between festivities, and I got myself up shabbily one evening and ran down to reconnoitre the ground.

"The next night I was there with a barrow and a cutting spade. Not a soul was about. It was a moonless night, and the darkness well suited the deed. It was then for the first time I really appreciated my natural faculty for seeing in the dark.

"It was a delightfully simple scheme. I cut out a neat, small square of turf and then dug a hole exactly thirty inches deep. The soil I removed to a considerable distance.

"Then in the hole I fitted my framework of wood—a framework with a lid that worked beautifully; and it had a tiny collapsible wire handle, which, thrust through the turf, lay flat in disuse, and looked no more suspicious than a hairpin.

"The trickiest business was the application of a preparation of soap and gelatine to the rim of the cut-out turf, so that it fitted in firm and flush and left no sign of having been tampered with.

"This was a week before the race, but I visited the spot to test the rapidity with which I could open and shut down the lid, and still there was a possibility that the cup would be pitched in a different place altogether, or that accident would reveal my secret.

"But my lucky star—or malevolent one—favoured me. The tent was where it had always been, and my neat trapdoor, carefully covered with turf nailed down to it, was safely beneath the table, on the side farthest from the entrance.

"I was much amused to see that a chamber had been thrust beneath the table, and partly served as a screen when the time came for me to raise up the lid.

"You know, old Irishman, that it was as easy as falling off a roof? I could have done it in what was required in two and a half minutes. I actually had almost as many minutes to spare.

"The two policemen on guard outside the tent saw that they never once left their post. They only forgot that they strolled away a few yards to speak to a mounted sergeant. And one of them touched his hat to me as, having come out, I turned back again for a moment—the tent being temporarily empty—and re-appeared tucking my handkerchief up my sleeve as though I had dropped it.

"Why wasn't the trap-door spotted, do you ask? Why are many things overlooked—or never imagined? It never entered anyone's comprehension that the Cup could be in the tent all the time.

"But it was. And there it remained during the meeting. And a fortnight went by before I ventured to fetch it. And at last, when I had got it, I hardly knew what to do with it. It became a bugbear . . . but Miss Margaret Canterfrith was saved from that brute Farmer."

"And the Cup," said I. "What did you finally do with it?"

"I flung it into the Thames one night," said he, "for revealing to me that the only thing I was fit for was that of the prosaic cracksman."

He shrugged his shoulders with self-

Another of these stories will appear shortly.—

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A TROUSER HINT.

To the man whose leisure time is limited, and who must be out betimes in the morning, the use of the trouser-press is, I confess, a counsel of perfection.

It is useful for keeping in trim those trousers which we wear only occasionally—perhaps once a week or less often. But the undoing of four thumbscrews and the business of putting a pair of trousers in properly is not a job that one cares to undertake every day.

For a single night the mattress will take its place admirably, but even here there is a danger of getting a crease in the wrong place.

For many men, however, even this is too much trouble to take, and it is to these that the following hint may be useful.

The usual plan is to put the trousers away at once, correctly folded, in a drawer.

It would be far better to leave them for one night hung over the back of a straight-backed chair. They should be hung so that the weight of the upper part of the trousers can be used to pull out the creases which are evident after a day's wear at the back of the knees.

If the trousers are put away at once the creases will not have had time to disappear before the trousers are wanted for use again.

An excellent substitute for the trouser-press is one of those hangers which can now be obtained to clip the bottom of the trousers so that they can be hung from a peg inside the wardrobe.

By this means the weight of the cloth serves to keep the trousers in shape.

RAMBLING FOOTGEAR.

What is the best form of footgear to choose for a cross-country ramble? The average man will plump for good stout-soled boots with nails, and he is just about right.

The nails are an essential, especially if there is much grass land in the course of the walk. On a good hard road they are unnecessary and even inadvisable, unless the sole is extremely thick, for otherwise the nails will be felt through the sole.

But there are men who say that shoes are the ideal rambling footgear; that they give more freedom to the foot and are cooler, and so on.

Incidentally they have the drawback that on rough ground frequent stoppages are necessary for the removal of the stones and other rubbish that have collected in them, while there is always the risk of a sprained ankle which the support of a boot might have saved.

In my opinion, shoes are the one thing that a cross-country walker should *not* choose.

PATCHING A MACKINTOSH.

A mackintosh is essentially a serviceable garment, and appearance is usually put second to usefulness in this case, but even from the practical point of view it is advisable to patch up at once any holes that have been torn in it in the course of the rough wear to which it is often subjected. Otherwise the rain will soon get in.

The best way to set about this is not with needle and thread, but with the ordinary rubber solution familiar to cyclists.

Get, if possible, a piece of similar material to that of which the mackintosh is made. Possibly it can be cut from the edge of a seam inside, or a pattern can be obtained from a tailor.

Then put some solution on the inside of the mackintosh round the hole and on the edges of the patch, wait till it is thoroughly "tacky," and fix the patch in place.

This will answer far better than sewing the patch in place, for the mackintosh has not the elasticity of cloth.

SOFT DOUBLE CUFFS.

A writer in a London daily paper has recently been telling his readers that the day of the soft double cuff for shirts is at an end.

I cannot imagine that he has paid much attention to the shop windows of the metropolis lately, not to mention the shirts that the majority of his fellow men are wearing.

A very little investigation would convince him that only about ten per cent. of the day shirts sold have anything but the soft double cuff.

There is good reason for the popularity of this cuff. The soft single cuff never for some reason looks well, and the only alternative seems to be the starched single cuff, which wears out so much sooner.

AN INCONGRUOUS COSTUME.

At the time of writing the streets of London are still filled with crowds of visitors from the provinces and from all parts of the world, and the costumes to be seen are many and varied, but not always to be copied.

Only to-day I saw a man wearing a Norfolk coat and trousers with a bowler hat.

For some reason which it is difficult to explain such a costume seems most incongruous. The Norfolk is at best not a garment that seems in place in town. But if it is worn, it should be with a cap or a cloth hat.

The bowler, on the other hand, is essentially a "towny" form of head covering, and should be worn with a costume that is suitable for town wear.

AN ECONOMICAL IDEA.

A friend of mine the other day let me into the secret of an economical little idea which he had put into practice with great success.

He has recently purchased himself a lounge suit of a most attractive grey cloth.

When he was trying on the suit for the first time it struck him that the material was very similar both in texture and colour to those which are at present so fashionable for fancy waistcoats.

He therefore instructed his tailor to make the waistcoat, like the rest of the suit, with buttons covered with the same material, but to make the fronts of the waistcoat removable like those of a fancy vest.

This was easily done at a slight additional cost by making small holes and covering buttons to fit with shanks and pins.

When in wear as part of the suit the buttons look exactly like any others, and no one could tell that they were not sewn on.

If he wishes to wear the waistcoat as a fancy one in conjunction with a morning coat or dark suit, with which it looks particularly well, all that he has to do is to remove the cloth buttons and replace them by a set of fancy ones. Those he generally uses, which are certainly the most suitable, are plain mother-o'-pearl.

The changing of the buttons is, of course, rather an undertaking, but it is not very often [illegible]

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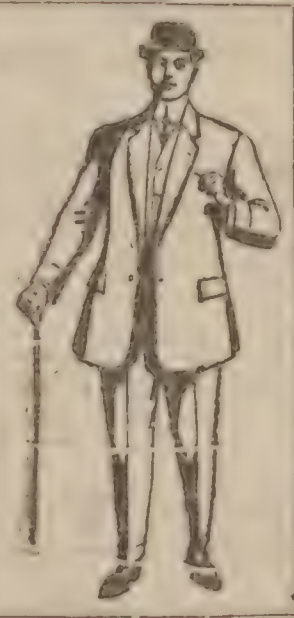

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waistcoat has to do duty as a fancy one at this time of year.

In the winter, however, when the suit, which is a thin summer one, is put aside, the waistcoat can still be worn, and can be kept ready for use with the fancy buttons in it.

A plain grey, however, is about the only suit material that can be used in this way.

PADDED SHOULDERS.

There are some men who profess to think that it is foppish to have any padding inserted in the shoulders of a coat or jacket. It is a noticeable fact that such men, however well they may be built, seldom contrive to look well dressed.

As a matter of fact very few men are naturally endowed with the square shoulders that add so much to a man's good appearance, but it is not merely the desire to make us look better developed than we are that makes the tailor insert a little padding in the shoulders of our coats.

A coat rarely sits so well across the back unless there is a small amount of padding and stiffening put in to level the shoulders and to enable the coat to hang properly.

A first-class tailor may be able to dispense with it and still to give a decent fit, but the chances are that he will not do so from choice.

So when you find a man wearing a coat of which the shoulders are padded, it is not reasonable to accuse him of vanity. Probably the tailor put it in without asking him.

During the past year or two, however, "natural" shoulders, in which only the slightest padding is used, have been coming more into favour, and the tailor's task has become correspondingly more difficult.

CUMMERBUNDS.

Being an Indian word you can spell it as you like so long as it pronounces about the same. The geography of India was always one of my favourite studies at school, because at least you could not be hauled up for misspelling.

However, that has nothing to do with the outer man. What I set out to say was that I have noticed in some of the cheap outfitters' windows an enormity which usually makes its appearance there every summer.

They call it a cummerbund. It is really a cloth waistcoat cut off horizontally across the middle, leaving the two lower pockets and two or three buttons.

The precise object of it is difficult to discover. Presumably it is to enable you to keep your coat open and to hide the top of the trousers. Why one should desire to hide this any more than the top of his truncated waistcoat passes my comprehension.

If you want to wear a cummerbund, why not wear the real thing, which is twice as cool and twice as smart. It consists merely of a band of black silk fastened, invisibly, by hooks and eyes.

If the pockets are what makes the half-waistcoat desirable, these can be put inside the real cummerbund, or a money belt such as those I referred to last week can be worn underneath it.

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COLLARS AND CARICATURISTS.

Have you ever observed how useful the collar is to the caricaturist?

Or course, the stock example is the late Mr. Gladstone, whose face as represented by the caricaturists, became towards the end almost eclipsed by his enormous collar.

But every public man is generally represented by the caricaturist with some special kind of collar, which it is to be presumed he is wont to wear in real life, though perhaps in a less exaggerated form.

One would hardly recognise his Lordship of Rosebery and Midlothian in a double collar. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, the Prime Minister, and all the other regular victims of the cartoonist—they all have their own particular style of collar.

It seems, therefore, that a man may be known by his collar, and although the wearing of an unusual style of collar may not exactly bring a man fame, it may at least help to impress his personal appearance on the public.

On the other hand if notoriety is not your object and you prefer to be known by your personality rather than by your collar, the best plan is to wear the same sort of collars as most ordinary men do, and not only that, but to keep several different kinds of collar. Even the height of the collar should be varied according to the weather or the circumstances or according to a passing whim.

If the Lord Chamberlain did not habitually wear a collar between three and six inches high, the caricaturists would find it much more difficult to portray him.

A peer of the realm, however, in a high position can afford to do these things, but the ordinary man who did so would be in danger of becoming known merely as "the man with the high collar."

TO MY READERS.

As I have received several letters recently from readers asking in rather apologetic manner whether I would be willing to answer certain questions concerning matters of dress, I should like to take this opportunity of saying that I welcome correspondence on the subject.

I shall be happy to answer through the columns of this paper any queries which seem to me to be of general interest, without, of course, mentioning any names.

If an immediate reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed, but if the matter is not urgent this is not necessary.

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DON'T throw that old suit away. Send it to us with P.O. for 3s. 6d. Within 3 days we will return it thoroughly cleaned, neatly repaired and tailor-pressed, looking like new. We are practical tailors devoting ourselves to the preservation of clothes instead of the making. Hundreds of City men owe their smart appearance at a nominal cost to our simple method. Join their ranks. The result will amaze you. Send your old suit and 3s. 6d. to-day. All goods fully insured whilst with us, and we pay carriage one way.

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THE NATIONAL TAILORING & REPAIRING CO.
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W. (ESTAB. 1902.)
'Phone 260 North.

UNQUALIFIED "DENTISTS'" DODGES.

ADVERTISING SHARKS WHO SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

While there are honest, competent, unqualified dentists, many of them are most unscrupulous quacks, and up to no end of nefarious dodges for deceiving and fleecing their unfortunate patients.

First of all, the unscrupulous quack does his best to make the public think not only that he is a qualified but an extra highly-qualified man.

This he does by taking high-sounding titles and putting important letters after his name.

One quack, who had been a sewing-machine canvasser, and never had any dental training in his life, used to describe himself as "Professor ——, S.I.A.T., which letters, being interpreted, meant "Specialist In Artificial Teeth."

The real fraud, however, begins in the operating chair. The quack being incapable of the delicate work of stopping teeth, his one object is to extract as many teeth as he can so as to make room for high-priced artificial ones.

To this end he unblushingly condemns as hopeless teeth that a competent man could easily save, and even extracts perfectly sound ones.

But perhaps the patient is firm. Only one tooth is hurting, and she won't have any more out—the victims are chiefly women.

The quack says it will be a difficult extraction, and advises her to have gas.

She consents, and when she comes to she finds that he has extracted two or three other teeth. Naturally she is indignant, but he has a plausible tale ready; the teeth were really in a shocking state—dangerous to her health—we are practically the same as medical men, and must act on our own responsibility in the patient's interests, and so on.

To clinch the matter, he shows her the teeth and how decayed they are. These are old teeth, substituted for the ones extracted, and smeared with blood from the patient's mouth while she was still under the gas.

The patient, having gone to have one tooth extracted, finds herself let in for an expensive plate.

Some of the firms advertising a complete set of teeth for a guinea are honest enough, and will fulfil their promises, though it is worth noting that the Dental Hospital's cost price charge for a complete set is, roughly, £4.

In most cases, however, the "guinea a set" advertisement is a trap.

Sometimes the patient, if he insists on the guinea set, is coolly told that the guinea is for the teeth only, and that the plate will be two guineas extra!

More usually he is "palavered": "We do supply sets at a guinea, but of course *you*, my dear sir or madam, would like something better."

As a rule, the person who goes in search of a cheap set as advertised is bamboozled into paying a very stiff price.

There are some respectable advertising dental companies, but most of them are rank frauds. This applies especially to those which pose as semi-charitable institutions, and are bolstered up in their deception by the presence on the directorate of some needy person of title.

While pretending to be philanthropic societies they are fraudulent in inception and design. They charge exorbitant prices for worthless teeth, and the operators, who are invariably either unqualified men or qualified scoundrels who have been struck off the Dentists' Register, are generally drunken, incompetent brutes.

F. BURTON.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. D. (Portsmouth).—The real name for your complaint is not weariness, but depression, and the cure is to go in for something which will divert your thoughts from the cause of your depression. When you feel despondent take a good run across country in any sort of weather, and have a brisk rub down when you get home. If you do not rise next morning feeling refreshed and fit, there is something radically wrong, and you should consult a doctor.

F. H. (St. John's Wood).—The employer who gives you a good blowing up occasionally is a far better man to deal with than the man who notices everything, says nothing, and who quietly informs you one morning, without giving any reason, that your services are no longer required. Stick to your job.

M. B. (Cambridge).—Why not try a week-end walking tour. You will get unlimited enjoyment on a very small outlay, which need not total more than 10s. or 12s. 6d.

T. C. (Cheam).—Do not pay a heavy price for patent leather boots or shoes. Bootmakers never guarantee patent leather, whether you pay 10s. or 50s.

T. McL. (Glasgow).—You do not mention the nature of the function at which you are to make your speech, therefore we cannot help you much. Remember that it is better to say too little than too much, and the best plan is to commit a few sentences to memory appropriate for the occasion, to say them, and then sit down.

J. A. C. (London, E.C.).—Write to Messrs. W. & G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, W.C., for their catalogue. They stock books on all subjects, and will doubtless be able to supply you with what you want.

F. M. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We wish you the best of luck in your forthcoming exam. We heartily sympathise with you when you say that you long for yet dread the arrival of the day. The suspense before these events is always worse than the actual examination.

W. W. H. (Ryde).—THE MODERN MAN cigarettes and tobacco are obtainable from Messrs. W. J. Rugg & Co., 17, Holyrood Street, Newport, I. of W.

V. S. (Nottingham).—Try wearing spectacles for a bit. You can often strengthen a weak eye by doing this, but go to a good optician in the first place.

V. C. (West Grinstead).—Aston is now the holder of the title.

A. B. (Holloway).—Thanks for suggestion. We shall have an article with diagrams prepared.

T. R. P. (Liverpool).—Guinea-pigs are interesting pets and make excellent lawn-mowers. If you have plenty of grass for them they won't need much other food.

C. P. (Sandown).—One of the best ways of curing the smoking habit is to keep a bag of raisins in your pocket, and to nibble one of them instead of having a smoke. The amount of tobacco which you say you consume weekly is not excessive provided you are leading an outdoor life. If, however, it is damaging your health, knock it down.

A. R. (Birmingham).—Your complaint that your boots get creased very much across the toes is probably owing to their being a bit too big for you.

J. J. (Liverpool). — For particulars of the examinations necessary for qualifying as an actuary, write to the Secretary of the Institute of Actuaries, Staple Inn Hall, Holborn, London, W.C.

O. A. H. (Berlin).—If you give us your exact address we shall consider the matter. "Care of the Post Office" isn't to our liking.

J. C. B. (Birmingham).—See the Sergeant-major of your nearest Territorial unit on any drill night and ask him all about it.

C. S. (Hull).—If you told us all your vices it would be easier for us to advise you "how to improve your mind." If you are short of breath it may be due to heart weakness, in which case you should knock off all active athletics; or it may be due to smoking too much. Give us more details.

B. L. N. (Barnsley).—We have noted your new address on the League register, and will see that it appears in the supplementary list which we shall print at a later date.

MANCHESTER.—J. Wallis, 23, Letchworth Street, Rusholme, Manchester, and some of his friends are getting up a cycle-camping holiday in Ireland, starting on July 8th. The holiday is for ten or twelve days. He asks whether any of our readers would care to join him.

W. K. P. (Alberta).—If you cannot get this paper locally, better send your subscription to our publishing department, and we shall forward you a copy by post each week.

T. B. (Droylsden).—We do not know the address of "a good farmhouse which takes in boarders, near Douglas, I.O.M." Better advertise in one of the Manx papers.

M. M. R. (Glasgow).—Long distance walking and cycling are both excellent as developers of the leg muscles. Supplement them with the special exercises described by Mr. Mitchell.

E. S. H. (Sheffield), **D. H.** (Worthing), **R. S.** (Bolton), **T. H. F.** (Skegness), **J. H. D.** (Liverpool), **G. P.** (Belfast), **T. R.** (Lanark), **A. A. H.** (Coventry), **R. M.** (Southampton).—Please accept our thanks.

SWEATY FEET

Tired feet, tender feet, sore feet, swollen feet and feet that perspire too freely (bluntly called sweaty feet) all are CURED by PEDAL, the most marvellous discovery of modern times, the only remedy of its kind in the world, gives instant relief, cooling to the feet, and clears out all poisonous exudations. No matter how bad your feet are, PEDAL will cure them. Price 1/3, post free; three times the quantity, 2/9, post free.

COMUS CO., 202, Broughton Lane, Manchester.

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"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem London."

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KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
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NORTH ENGLAND MEMBERS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on another page.*

MANCHESTER *(continued).*

H. S. LEARY, 92, Barlow Moor Road, West Didsbury.
E. S. LEATHER, 25, Mary Street, Harpurhey.
G. LILL, 6, Clough Bank, Old Road, Blackley.
W. LIVINGSTONE, 29, Mawson Street, Stockport Road.
S. LOMAS, 25, Royal Street, Ardwick.
H. LONGSON, 49, Euclid Street, Beswick.
R. LORD, 912, Chester Road, Stretford.
H. E. LOWE, 29, Stamford Street, Old Trafford.
H. LOWTHIAN, 76, Duke Street, Lower Broughton.
G. T. LYTH, 72, Redvers Street, Ardwick.
V. McCANN, 40, Ashmore Street, West Gorton.
S. J. McCONKEY, 68, Hulton Street, Moss Side.
T. McFARLANE, 12, Carsfor Street, C.-on-M.
A. McGOWAN, 2, Dumber Lane, Ashton-on-Mersey.
J. C. McGREGOR, c/o Messrs. R. Cressy, Ltd., Short Street, Tib Street.
J. McMORINE, 59, Carter Terrace, Grove Street, Greenheys.
H. MANTFIELD, 762 Oldham Road, Newton Heath.
H. J. MARSH, 36, Victoria Road, Victoria Park.
J. MARSHALL, "Fairholme," Blackley Road, Moston Green,
A. MARTIN, 6, Chinley Avenue, Moston.
W. B. MARTIN, 15, Abney Road, Mossley.
W. J. MARTIN, 1, Lily Bank, Union Street, Stretford.
W. MASON, 20, Crossley Road, Ashton-on-Mersey.
I. MATHER, 61, Ashbourne Grove, Higher Broughton.
F. E. MATTEY, 46, St. John's Road, Longsight.
J. F. MEADOWCROFT, 18, Kent Street, Clowes Street, Lower Broughton.
A. MEAKIN, 3, Rainforth Street, Longsight.
S. MELLOR, 17, Aqueduct Street, Ducie Street.
F. J. MEREDITH, 36, Church Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
A. METCALF, 38, Grace Street, Ancoats.
A. MIELZINER, Athæneum Club.
A. MILLS, 32, Annis Street, Church Lane, Harpurhey.
J. MOLLOY, 80, Hyde Road, Ardwick.
F. C. MONTGOMERY, 186, Hemsley Terrace, Clayton.
R. F. MOORHOUSE, 10, Warwick Street, Hulme.
W. MORNINGTON, 12, Exchange Street.
J. MOSLEY, 17, Portsmouth Street, Oxford Road.
T. S. MURGATROYD, 137, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.
I. MYRANS, Wholesale Fish Market.
R. M. NAVA, 155, Water Street.
S. G. NEWTON, 7, Stockton Street, Moss Side.
W. A. NIXON, 31, Victoria Buildings.
W. NOBLE, 60, Dorset Street, Hulme.
H. OGDEN, 14, St. Oswald Street, Collyhurst.
W. OGDEN, 19, Gladstone Road, Eccles.
G. OLIVER, 19, Sharp Street, Pendleton.
W. J. OWEN, 28, Oak Hill Street, Cheetham Hill.
E. PEARSON, 504a, Oldham Road, Newton Heath.
A. PEEL, 1, Parrock Street, Crawshawbooth.
S. C. PICKFORD, 7a, Teviot Street, Longsight.
A. POOLE, 10a, Privel Street, Ardwick.
A. POWER, 18, Cartwright Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
F. PRITCHARD, 32, Kipling Street, Hr. Broughton.
J. QUIRK, 8, Russel Street, Ancoats.
W. D. RAPHAEL, 44, Heywood Street, Moss Side.
J. RAWCLIFFE, 10, Westwood Street, Moss Side.
W. C. REED, 8, Co-operative Street, Helmshore.
W. RILEY, 12, Chapel Lane, Blackley.
C. ROBERTS, 11, Gloucester Road, Urmston.
C. F. ROBINSON, 8, Victoria Grove, Heaton Chapel.
J. F. RODGERS, 83, Duke Street, Lr. Broughton.
H. ROSENBURG, 36, Mart Street, Bradford.
L. ROSENBURG, 36, Mart Street, Bradford.
G. ROSS, 504, Great Cheetham Street, Higher Broughton.
R. ROTHWELL, 20, Emerson Street, Cheetham.
W. ROWLINSON, 3, Law Street, Denton.
B. F. RYDER, Lord Egerton's Office, 34, John Dalton Street.
W. SALMON, 83, Palmerston Street, Moss Side.
F. S. SALT, 48, Frances Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
J. SCHOFIELD, 8, Derbyshire Street, Openshaw.
A. SCHOLES, 16, Belgrave Street, Denton.
J. SCHULZE, 21, Lime Grove, Oxford Road.
J. SCOTT, 95, Hill Street, Withington.
T. SCOTT, 37, Palmerston Street, Moss Side.
T. A. SEDDON, 34, Preston Road, Levenshulme.
F. SETTLE, Beaconsfield, Derby Road, Withington.
A. SHEPPARD, 107, Roseneath Road, Urmston.
E. SHIRES, 98, Chancery Lane, Ardwick.
H. SIDEBOTHAM, 227, Hyde Road, Denton.
J. SLATER, 1,251, Chester Road, Stretford.
G. SMEDLEY, 24, Carlisle Street, Hulme.
J. SMITH, 26, Moreton Avenue, Stretford.
T. SMITH, 225, Princes Road, Moss Side.
W. SMITH, 12, Duke Street, Broughton.
J. SPENCER, 7, Buchanan Street, Ramsbottom.
J. SPENCER, 70, Cromwell Grove, Levenshulme.
W. SPENCER-BROWN, 40, School Lane, Didsbury.
F. SPROSON, 19, Glebe Street, Longsight.
F. G. SPURR, 5, Lytton Avenue, Cheetham.
P. A. STOTT, 8, Ellesmere Street, Higher Crumpsall.
R. SWAIN, 73, Esmond Road, Cheetham Hill.
J. W. SYMINGTON, 34, Manchester Road, Chorlton-on-Medlock, Hardy.
A. E. TAFT, 115, Brunswick Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
C. H. TAFT, 115, Brunswick Street, C.-on-M.
C. TAYLEUR-FOGG, Fern Lea, Nell Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
F. TAYLOR, 370, Great Cheetham Road, Higher Broughton.
J. TAYLOR, 23, Pine Street, Pendleton.
J. TAYLOR, 118, Hillkirk Street, Ardwick.
T. W. TAYLOR, 61, Beresford Road, Stretford.

(To be continued.)

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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Putties. Best make, regulation; blue serge; 2s. 6d.; post, 2d.—Ross's, Athletic Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Boots and Shoes of all kinds, made on the latest and best fitting models. Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.—The Perfectphit Shoe Co., 27E, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Fashionable navy lounge suit, chest 34in., height 5ft. 6in., tight for owner, best quality, take 10s. cash. —Box 4706, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, pair buckskin breeches, by Hammond and Tautz, Piccadilly; also top boots, hand-sewn, size sevens; exchange for suit.—Box 4707, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's superior, latest style, real Paramatta fawn mackintosh, fit chest 40in. to 41in., value 63s., misfit, unused; sacrifice 25s.—Box 4708, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good pair youth's cricket trousers; also sweater. What offers?—Box 4705, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

500 Coat-hangers and trouser-presses (combined), to clear, 1s. 6d. each, post free.—Fylde Company, Bankrupt Stock Dealers, 107, Severn Road, Weston-super-Mare.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Cricket.—First-class club's tackling: two splendid 15s. powerful driving bats, all-cane handles, selected, noted maker, 8s. each; two best 6s. 6d. treble-seamed match balls, 4s. each; 21s. bag, cowhide ends, 12s. 6d.; pads, gloves, gauntlets, all splendid quality and new condition, lot for 47s. 6d., or divide; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Lawn Bowls.—£2 2s. tournament set by noted maker, eight polished lignum bowls, full-size, medium bias, complete in strong case with two jacks for 27s. 6d.; never used; approval.—Box 4682, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tents. Army bells; best selected; complete; carriage paid, 35s. Price lists free.—Ross's, Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

Gentleman's Swift, 24½in., Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, Dunlop and Palmer Tyres, two roller brakes, Bluemel's mudguards, accessories, condition as new, £5 10s.—Box 4696, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Slazenger's full croquet set; cost 45s., used three times, accept 27s.—Box 4691, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, set of croquet balls, not boxwood, good condition, and cheap.—Box 4692, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Autograph cricket bat, originally 20s., hardly used, price 8s.—Box 4693, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, up-to-date 24in. cycle frame, good order, plated cranks, handles, driving-wheel, 20s.; also pair Hermetic covers, 28 by 1½, 18s. 6d.—Box 4694, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Pair Phillips' Model de Luxe, ball-bearing skates, No. sevens, aluminium wheels, almost new, cost £1 1s. 6d. Sell for 10s.—Box 4715, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trout rod, landing net, reel, basket, tackle, 25s.—Box 4709, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding mahogany bagatelle board, 7ft. by 2ft., green cloth lined, cushioned, mahogany bridge for extra games, 9 balls, cue, pegs, complete, good condition, 28s., well wrapped.—Box 4710, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Excellent steel core horizontal bar, complete, cheap. —Box 4711, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Greenheart fly rod, 3 joints, extra top, cost 45s., as new, 15s.; roach rod, balanced cork handle, never been used, 7s. 6d.; pike rod, greenheart top, new, 5s.—Box 4712, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman desires to sell 1911 high-class Coventry Swift, 3-speed gear, Dunlop tyres, everything of the best, new month ago, equal new, accept offer.—Box 4713, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Double-barrel breech-loading 12-bore gun, in case, by Barton, London, top lever, rebounding locks, left choke, £2.—Box 4714, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Rayment's camera, 10 by 8, rectilinear lens, 2 stands, 3 double slides, printing frames, all sizes, porcelain dishes, all accessories, retouching mirror, complete, cost £25, offer for £8.—Box 4716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 5 by 4 Sanderson hand camera, plates or other reliable make, cheap for cash.—Box 4717, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, nearly new ¼ plate Goerz Anschutz folding camera, opening up instantly ready for exposure, fitted with a Goerz focal plane shutter, adjustable speeds, from ⅛th to 1-1000th part of a second, also time, Goerz celor lens, f/4.8 film pack adapter, 3 double dark slides, complete, with leather case, £10 5s., or near offer.—Box 4718, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan up-to-date shorthand. Saves a year's study. Highest speeds. Simple. Rapid. Legible. Practical. Learned in twelve lessons. Interesting handbooks free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London.

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For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 19.

MEDICAL, &c.

A Day will Ease—7 days will cure. The very worst cases yield instantly to the "Pile cure that really cures." Then why suffer? when 1s. 1½d. will bring a whole box post free in plain wrapper. Sample, penny stamp. Cure yourself to-day.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

The Moustache Grower. Pendun's Moustache Pomade forces a magnificent Moustache in a remarkably short time on the most boyish face. A 6d. tin will be sent by return in plain wrapper (postage 1d. extra). Send 7d. to A. Pendun (Dept. D), 597, Holloway Road, London, N.

MEDICAL, &c.

Kidney Troubles. The disease of the age. "Nubacol" a certain cure. Post free, 1s. 1½d.—Dixon, Pharmacist, Elland.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Signed .....

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